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**A Black Helping Blacks to Build
Worship Has Come Out of the Woodwork
Should a Christian Be Afraid to Die?**



The Man Who Cared [pages 30-38]

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Black Community Developer



Text by James Campbell / Pictures by George P. Miller

JIMMIE PORTER looks like a starting guard on the college football team. He is six-feet-one, 220 pounds, and his whole body is a picture of agile strength.

But Jimmie Porter is not a football player. He is one of 10 black community developers sponsored by the National Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions. His base is Waterloo, Iowa, where he has spent more than half of his 38 years.

Waterloo, located in northeast Iowa, sits in the heart of the state's corn country, bisected by the Cedar River. Unlike the large, bustling, busy—and tainted—northern cities of the nation, Waterloo is small (population 80,000), relatively slow, and exceptionally clean. But like so many cities, it has its problems.

Federal statistics list Waterloo as the fifth most segre-



Whether walking along a street or driving his car, Jim is widely recognized in the black community and seizes all opportunities to make contacts. At home in his basement office, he shares some time with his youngest child, Michelle, seven. Ready for action again (below, right), he checks his notes.





Confronting audiences is routine for Jimmie Porter. Here, in a session with faculty members and students at Northern Iowa University, he eased tensions by pointing out that intentions are more important than words. The result: passage of a motion calling for hiring more black faculty.

gated city in the nation. For almost a year, on an 18-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week schedule, Jimmie Porter has been working to do something about that statistic.

About 8,000 Waterloo residents are black, and they work chiefly at the Rath Packing Company plant and the John Deere tractor works. Their homes are clustered on the city's east side, segregated for decades from the west side across the river. But in Waterloo blacks suffer not so much from poverty as from lack of recognition and access to the community power structure.

Jim, his wife Loretta, and their five children have long been fixtures in the black community of Waterloo. Jim has worked at both John Deere and Rath and is currently on leave from Rath where he was once a union official. He despaired of the union because of what he terms "too much sophistication," and though still a union member, he does not serve in an executive capacity. His broad experience with the Waterloo industrial community helps him get things done in his new job.

Jim came to Waterloo from Mississippi in 1948 looking, as he says, for the "promised land." Then he adds wryly, "I found the land."

A forceful man with a voice to match his burly physique, he sees his role as that of bringing Waterloo blacks into the framework of the total community. He believes that black people must be placed in position to

make their own decisions. He does not believe, however, that he always has to play a role of "direct leadership." In fact, he feels he is most effective as an "enabler," "co-ordinator," or—his real preference—"servant." He likes his present position in which he answers only to the black community. Funding for his work comes from both the National Division of the Board of Missions and from local churches.

Working in an informal setting from a desk in the basement of his home (which he prefers over a structured office), Jim has contacts with individuals and organizations which seem endless. Besides working with practically every black group in Waterloo, he is also a member of the state judicial committee (an appointment made by the governor), a Democratic Party precinct worker, and one of nine members from this country (the only Midwesterner) serving on the International Union Civil Rights Committee. He shuns starting new organizations. "We already have enough organizations; we must use what we have," he explains.

At almost any time of day Jimmie Porter may be seen on the street or at the headquarters of some organization, attempting to reduce the problems of the black community. His contacts range from teen-agers to elderly adults. Much of what he is presently doing as a professional developer is a full-time continuation of his for-



A man always on the go, Jimmie Porter makes daily rounds of the Waterloo community, seeking ways to rally support for one or more of his many projects. At left, with a neighbor, he goes over the agenda for an upcoming meeting. Above, he talks with the African Palace Youth Center staff about plans to tile the floor. Other contacts, below, come in a chance meeting on a ghetto street and later with a pinball player in a cafe.



merly volunteer efforts as a concerned black citizen.

An example of this is his work in the Blackhawk County Head Start program which encompasses the Waterloo area. Jim was actively involved in the program before he signed on with the Board of Missions as developer. Now he has more time to broaden his pursuits. By involving mothers, he is working to have Head Start classes begun in all areas where needed.

As a member of the executive committee of the Waterloo Advisory Board to Neighborhood Centers, Jim stays busy relating the wishes and complaints of citizens from his precinct to the board. He has gotten results, too, evidenced by improvements in street conditions, playgrounds, and general living conditions for blacks.

Jimmie Porter is no braggart, but he does talk freely about a deputy police force which he helped instigate. It was first made up of volunteers who felt the need, as Jim did, "to do something about the corruption that existed in the black community." With co-operation from county officials, 12 black men began sharing the nightly task of patrolling the streets in their area. Within two months, unsavory practices that had been common in Waterloo's black neighborhoods for years were practically nonexistent. Jim says the cleanup has brought about a greater sense of pride in the community.

Waterloo teen-agers remember Jimmie too. Until about a year ago, there was no place for teens who live on the east side to play. Jim garnered a group of responsible men in the community, related the problem, officially named them the "board of directors," and things began to happen. An unused and rundown building, formerly a grocery store, was rented with assistance from the Office of Economic Opportunity and donations from Waterloo citizens, black and white. With donated apparatus and labor (skilled and unskilled) a recreational youth center was in the making. The result: African Palace Youth Center. A "palace" it isn't. But east-side teen-agers now have a place to congregate and play.

Many times Jimmie Porter has included himself in delegations from the black community confronting the Waterloo Public School Board when they felt the board had dealt with the black community unfairly. Sometimes the meetings have been less than peaceful—like the time when Jim told the board, "We're tired of white people playing with us, and you'd better recognize it." And on another occasion: "You're not talking with kids. You're talking with a man."

But Waterloo is not Jimmie Porter's only concern. He has been in wider pastures. He has made charges that the Iowa Democratic Convention platform committee presented a weak stance on civil rights, and that not enough blacks were on the committee. Of the civil-rights platform plank, Jim says, "The language is beautiful, but it doesn't say anything." Jim is a member of the Democratic Party's state central committee, but he turned down an invitation to attend the 1968 National Democratic Convention because he says the selection of a black had not been turned over to the black delegation.

Watching Jim in action, one quickly gets the impression that this man is a man of conviction. As one admirer puts it, "He heats up in a hurry and he comes on strong." At a student-faculty discussion on "How to Attract More Black Faculty" at University of Northern Iowa in Cedar Falls, it became apparent that the group was stymied by the wording of a resolution which suggested

that the next faculty vacancy be filled by a black. The debate moved back and forth with no progress toward agreement. Finally Jim Porter rose to his feet, his right arm raised, and began, "Let's not get hung up on words. We all know what we are trying to say here. Why not do it? It is the intention of the motion that matters most. If you really have intentions of adding more blacks to the faculty here, you will do it regardless of how the motion is stated." The motion passed.

Not all of Jimmie Porter's multifarious activities have to do with groups and issues. He is concerned about individuals, too. Case in point: Willie Powell. Now 36 years old, Powell is a victim of the muscle-disabling malady called Charcot-Marie-Tooth disease and has been confined to a wheelchair since he was 20. As his physical condition has worsened over the years, his upstairs room in the old family home has become totally inadequate. Even in warm weather it was difficult for Willie to get up and down the stairs, and when cold weather set in, he had to stay in his room for the rest of the winter. What Willie needed was a room on the ground level.

Last year the Powell Project Committee was formed with Jimmie Porter as its chairman, and the committee started a trust fund at a Waterloo bank. Cash donations came from churches, businesses, professional people, and persons from all walks of life. Labor organizations offered both cash and volunteer service. When the trust fund reached \$1,500, the committee decided it was time to start building, and within a few months Willie Powell moved into a new ground-floor room especially designed to help him live with his handicap. Total cost of the project, about \$7,500, was all paid from the trust fund.

Sitting at his basement-office desk, Jim talks hopefully about a dream he has for the black community of Waterloo. On the far east side of the city is an 18-acre strip of land that Jim hopes someday will become the site of a commercial venture owned and operated by blacks. He already has enlisted some interested men, and they are making plans to purchase the property. Jim envisions a shopping-center complete with bowling alley and skating rink. "Imagine what an operation like that would do for this community! It would have to instill a sense of pride and achievement," he says.

He has friends in the white community, too. It helps that he is no one-sided militant. But neither is he the compromising black man that whites found acceptable a decade ago. Some see him as a troublemaker.

The job which the Board of Missions asked Jimmie Porter and its other nine community developers to tackle is not one which lends itself to quick or simple description. When the program was initiated on an experimental basis early in 1969, the goal was to train black laymen for leadership through actual experiences of helping to organize and develop service programs in their own local communities.

The assignment, Jim points out, is flexible. He has been free to move in the ways which seemed most effective to bring the black community to awareness of its potential. His dream for the east-side shopping center is part of that. What he has accomplished so far, Jim would say, is only a beginning. But it is a beginning, evidence that the church, as big Jim embodies it, has claimed a role as enabler, co-ordinator, and servant in Waterloo. □



Stewardship: More Than Fund Raising

An interview with David W. Self, general secretary, the Board of the Laity.

GENERAL SECRETARY of United Methodism's Board of the Laity since last June is Dr. David W. Self, 49, former university professor and school administrator. A native of Leighton, Ala., Dr. Self was a teacher of graduate courses in public-school administration at the University of Alabama when chosen to fill his new assignment. He has long been active in United Methodist programs at local, district, and annual-conference levels.

To acquaint readers with the new Board of Laity leader, TOGETHER associate editors Newman Cryer and John A. Lovelace interviewed Dr. Self on current efforts of the board and his goals for the future.

Why did you leave the exciting job of educating today's youth to take your present position?

Teaching on a college campus is exciting, even at the graduate level where I taught, but the work of the church is also an exciting adventure. There was no question in my mind that this was the place for me at this time. I was literally afforded an opportunity to combine one of the main purposes in my life, that of serving the church, with making a living.

What are the objectives of the Board of the Laity in terms of lay people?

The objectives are in keeping with the aims of the entire United Methodist Church: to help the members be aware of and grow in their understanding of God as he has been revealed by Jesus Christ, to help them see how this knowledge can be expressed in their daily lives, and to help them carry this message of good news to all people. This is always the objective of the church.

Two specific tasks that have been given the Board of the Laity are stated explicitly in the *Book of Discipline*. Stewardship and finance, and lay life and work are the two divisions of our board that respond to these two assignments.

The Division of Lay Life and Work has responsibility for developing materials and programs for the training of local church officials, lay speaking, clergy-laity dialogue, United Methodist Men, retreats, pastor-parish relations committees. This division also works with conference and district boards of the laity, as does our Division of Stewardship and Finance. The second division develops materials and programs of stewardship that literally undergird the support of the total church program. These materials are utilized in workshops and seminars at annual conference and district levels, and they are ultimately used in the local congregations.

I think our church has got to become more serious about stewardship—not just money, but the total stewardship of life and resources. Our board has the background for this area and is the logical agency to have the assignment. So far the church has not turned over to us the staff or money to answer all the calls we have from the conferences in developing a total ministry of stewardship.

Despite all that has been done to broaden the definition of steward-

ship, it still seems to mean stimulating people to give more money. Do you agree?

Yes. I think most of our people in The United Methodist Church and in most other denominations think of stewardship solely as a means of raising money. I agree that a good stewardship approach will cause churchmen to give more.

But the concept of stewardship that I am talking about is given in the Foundation Statement for Christian Stewardship adopted by the General Conference of 1968. This statement starts off with a working definition of stewardship, then gives its biblical and theological basis. It broadens the scope and application to include time and ability, covers income and accumulated resources, reaches to community service and conservation of natural and environmental resources. The statement concludes with the responsibility of corporate stewardship. This is a great deal broader than a simple money-raising device. Yet, I feel that our board and the entire church have failed to bring this concept to our total church membership.

How could we put more emphasis on using money sacramentally—both within the church and in the common life of the people—and less on raising money?

We need to develop the idea of the spirituality of giving. Too much emphasis has been spent on developing the idea that we ought to give to good causes rather than because of our need to give. What we need is a concept of giving as a mark of Christian commitment. There is much truth in the saying, "to truly live is to freely give." This is biblical and it is good stewardship. When anyone gets to the point where his giving is determined by his spiritual depth and commitment, it makes a difference in the life of the church.

The Black Manifesto was a challenge to the church to give, not out of a sense of free will but with a sense of paying a debt, of reparations. How does this relate to stewardship?

This kind of demand means that neither side can act out of a sense of Christian charity or love. The giver is put in a position of having to respond to a demand that has nothing to do with a Christian response. It deprives the one of whom the demand is made of a free response, and it puts the person making the demand in the position of losing his dignity as a human being.

Will this kind of confrontation tend to dry up giving of church members?

No. I think that with the kind of stewardship I am talking about, some adversity does not stop people from giving. They may not like all they see and hear, but that does not change their need to give as Christians. Of course a person won't go on forever directing his giving in a certain channel if he thinks his gifts are being completely misused, but he will put up with disagreement as to where his money should go and will continue to give. If this were not so, many more people from the region I come from would have stopped giving through our denomination many years ago.

Our church has often made pronouncements on race, for example, that white members in the southeastern states have felt were not what the church ought to be saying. But you can look at the record and see that on the whole they have not stopped giving.

How can stewardship be related to the pressing issues and needs of our particular time?

When men identify their problems, the church has a role in helping to overcome them; but there is no easy way for the church to determine how it will help. You don't do things for people, or in such a manner as to degrade their dignity. You help them to help themselves.

One task of the church is to call attention to unjust and unhealthy conditions, such as pollution of our environment. The church has a clear responsibility to speak to this because it is a moral issue. But the church as an organization is not geared for cleaning up the problem. That happens through the influence of the people who are in places of influence and can do something directly about it. The church does have an obligation to speak to them and to whet their consciences to do whatever it takes to solve the problem.

Is it appropriate for the church to use its influence on government, say in "lobbying"?

Yes, if you mean letting the governmental agencies know what our denomination believes on an issue. The church also has a responsibility to use "seed money" in solving social problems. The United Methodist Church is doing this through its Fund for Reconciliation. Ours was one of the few denominations that had established such a fund before the Black Manifesto. It is a disservice to our leadership to say that we have

done nothing about problems associated with minorities. We have been going through the agony of living with the problems for many years, and slowly we have developed and are developing programs to help solve the problems. This in no way denies the problems or pretends that The United Methodist Church has done all it can do to assist minorities in overcoming the obstacles facing them.

Regarding the ministry of the laity, or the Christian fulfilling his responsibility in daily life, has the Board of the Laity made any effort to deal with this concept?

Yes. We are dealing with this in all our activities as a continual process. We feel that the ministry of the laity is literally taking place wherever a churchman is. He is practicing his Christianity in all his actions, attitudes, and thoughts with every person with whom he comes in contact. He does not practice his Christianity only when he is doing some church activity.

The 1969 National Conference of United Methodist Men at Purdue University, conducted by our Division of Lay Life and Work, was one major attempt to bring to the 4,600 laymen in attendance a direct look at the issues facing people today. Yet we know that a general agency of our church is not structured so that it works "in the world." It is an instrument of the church that has to work

through annual and district conferences and, in the main, reaches the local congregations and the local members through these structures.

Isn't there a built-in tension between the Board of the Laity, which in the past has dealt almost exclusively with men, and the Women's Division of the Board of Missions, which has attempted to organize the women of the denomination?

First, I don't want us to accept the idea that the Board of the Laity was ever supposed to be just an activity dealing exclusively with men. The stewardship emphasis and the training of local officers are for the whole church.

No, I do not think there is a built-in tension between us and the Women's Division because they frankly acknowledge that they work only with women in the organizations which they serve. The implication of your question relates to the possible competition between the work of United Methodist Men and the work of the Women's Societies. As far as our board is concerned, we do not have the right to tell a local church it must have a men's club.

Our concept is that the local council on ministries is the body that determines whether a congregation needs a men's club to serve in the mission and ministry of that church. They have to set their own reason for being. Our function is to help them get the materials they need to do what they want to do and to share with them the know-how from other men's groups.

Is there any reason why men and women could not work together in the same structures throughout the denomination at any level?

No. The main activities of a local congregation are carried on by all the people. But there are some things men like to do with other men, just as there are some things that women like to do with other women. Some of these may be marginal for the church, yet they can be important.

How does the national men's conference fit in with the total program of the board? Could the resources that go into it be used to better advantage?

The conference is a once-every-four-years rally-type meeting. We expose several thousand laymen to people from all over the country, both in the assembly meetings and in smaller groups. This is a great learning process in itself. We expose lay-

men to new techniques and to the best platform speakers we can get. Then they are highly stimulated in smaller groups. We also invite other agencies to come and help with the program in various ways, particularly in group discussions.

We do not at the moment know whether the staff, money, and skill that go into the conference could be used more effectively in other ways. It does take a great deal of time, and it is not completely self-sustaining. The fees do not cover the cost of staff time, for example. We know that the conference has some value, but whether it is worth the cost, I don't know. We are now trying to evaluate this.

How do you determine the needs of the churches in developing the programs and services of your board?

This is one of the things that came up several times at the laity consultation in French Lick, Indiana, two years ago. There is a constant flow of information going and coming through the organizational structure—the churches, the districts, the annual and jurisdictional conferences. But a general agency has the responsibility to dream up some things, too. Through the channels we work with the pastors to find out what is needed. We have to design material that will be used finally by laymen, but it has to appeal to the ministers or it never will be put into use.

Do you detect a gap in clergy-laity relationships in our church?

Well, there is some kind of a gap all right, but I'm not sure what to call it. On some things there is no gap at all. Both the clergy and the laity need the help and grace and power of God to overcome their shortcomings. The gap that exists between clergy and laity comes out of the fact that the minister has special theological training and sometimes makes presentations that laymen don't understand. We think this gap can be narrowed through clergy-laity dialogue, and we have worked at this through retreats and other types of workshops. Its success depends on how well ministers participate.

What signs of renewal do you see in the church today?

Renewal happens in the life of any person who finds Christ, either for the first time or in some new revelation of understanding about how the teachings of Christ affect his life. Any change within a person is also a change within his church. In our time,



renewal is happening whenever something new leads us to concentrate on our mission in some form other than building buildings and holding meetings. We have to have buildings and meetings, but the Christian experience in the lives of believers is much more.

What are your priorities for the future work of the Board of the Laity?

It is our job to work with the other boards and agencies to help the church perform its mission in the world today. We have been given the two big tasks of stewardship development and lay life and work, and our first priority is to do these to the best of our ability and look for better ways to do them.

As for my own priorities, I feel there are three main points that the church must deal with if it is to be as meaningful in the lives of its members as it can be. First is the determination of the real purpose and function of the gathering of believers—what happens to them and through them because they gathered. We actually must ask what is the real purpose of the local congregation. I don't think the church can exist without the gathering, but I think we haven't fully realized its function, either.

Second is the enabling of all believers to achieve first-class citizenship in the organized church as well as in the universal church of Christ. No blame on anyone is implied by this, but I feel that every Christian has the same commitment and charge to be Christ's man wherever he is. This means that the unordained ministers of Christ, the laity, must accept full membership in the church and live it in all of their lives.

Third is the placing of realistic expectation on the ordained ministers by the rest of the members. We must stop expecting them to be all things for the rest of us, which has nearly meant living out Christianity for the whole congregation. They must find a role for themselves and their families in the lives of our congregations that helps but does not tend to substitute for the Christianity of all the other members as they reach toward their potential in Christ. Realizing these three things is very much a part of the job of the Board of the Laity as it fulfills its charge to help the church bring full Christian community to all its members. ☐

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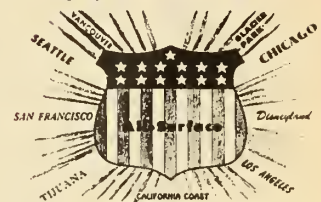


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The Draft Dilemma:

Should the Church Be Involved?

ALMOST EVERY PERSON in the United States is affected in some way by the military draft. The employer must investigate the draft status of every man he interviews. Teachers, doctors, lawyers, or ministers may be involved in the problems of draft-age young men with whom they deal. The lives of parents, wives, children, and friends all are affected. And to the man himself, the draft, as recently revised, can be the focal point of his life for a year. (Under the old system, it was eight years.)

Any of these individuals may want to know more about the draft and the Selective Service Act.

Advice to the Draftable

Advice about military service is easy to get. Young men constantly trade information about exemptions, deferments, military reserve units, and the "good" and "bad" deals offered by the various military branches.

Although local draft-board offices are not required to supply detailed information, they often provide a variety of literature, and clerks who deal with the Selective Service laws every day can be very helpful.

Also connected with the local draft board is the government appeal agent. He is usually a lawyer, appointed by the President on the recommendation of the governor of the state. The appeal agent is required to be equally diligent in "protecting the interests of the government and the rights of the registrant in all matters."

Trained draft counselors who are not connected with the Selective Service System are also available in some areas, particularly in large cities and on campuses.

The list of organizations which offer draft counseling is long and varied. It includes both the historically pacifist churches, such as the Society of Friends (Quakers), and those churches, including the United Methodist, which support both the young men who choose to fulfill the military obligation as well as those who conscientiously object to war and the military system. Many ecumenical groups such as the National Inter-religious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors and the Fellowship of Reconciliation and civic groups like the Kansas City Vietnam Information Center also offer draft counseling. Student groups often set up counseling centers.

Why Draft Counseling?

Why do people seek counseling? Some young men who want specific vocational benefits from their time in the military ask a draft counselor how to get them. But



Lt. Gen. Lewis Hershey (left), outgoing director of the Selective Service, watches as Rep. Alexander Pirnie (R-N.Y.), a member of the House Armed Forces Committee, picks the first capsule for the national draft lottery.

most men who come to a counselor want to avoid or delay being drafted. Since the Selective Service System is so complicated, many people feel that only a trained counselor will be able to give them the best guidance.

The Selective Service System is a separate agency, directly under the President, and is operated by military officers and unpaid civilian volunteers.

There are 4,088 draft boards in the United States and its territories. In general, a local board is supposed to serve an area with a total population of no more than 100,000. Each local board must have three or more members, all civilians, who serve without pay.

Since the average registrant accepts whatever classification his board gives him, he seldom or never meets the draft board members face to face. If he does go to the draft board office, he will see full-time paid clerks.

Leprosy... a present day understanding.

There are also 96 state appeal boards. No registrant can appear in person before this board. When a young man appeals the local board's classification, his complete Selective Service file is sent to the state appeal board whose members issue the classification which they consider appropriate and send the file, their decision, and their vote back to the local board. Except in the rare cases when the appeal board is required to reconsider its decision or when a presidential appeal is possible, this decision is final.

On the national level, the Selective Service Act provides for an appeal to the President of the United States as a final level of authority. The presidential appeal-board members, unlike the members of local and state boards, are paid for their services. Although many registrants are dissatisfied with the decisions of state appeal boards, very few cases meet the requirements for appeal to the presidential board.

The head of the Selective Service System from 1941 until 1970 was Lt.-Gen. Lewis B. Hershey. Recently, President Nixon announced General Hershey's retirement. The President emphasized that the next draft director will not be a military man.

Registration and After

The local draft board is charged with the task of providing men for the military by following guidelines of the Selective Service System. The law requires that each man register for the draft at the age of 18.

In general, the board presumes that each registrant is I-A and available for service unless he persuades them that he is eligible for some other classification. The burden is on the registrant to make out his case for any other classification by submitting adequate written information. Local boards have no duty to seek out such information, or even to tell the registrant what is required for any particular draft deferment.

Until recent years, few young men chose to avoid compliance with the Selective Service System. However, widespread discontent with U.S. military involvement in Viet Nam has led many to see themselves as forced to choose among several alternatives. At present, these choices are being made:

1. Military service—by enlisting in



When I returned to this country after twenty years as a surgeon in India, I was shocked at the widespread ignorance about leprosy.

Actually, leprosy is one of the world's most serious public health problems today. There are probably 10 to 15 million cases, and according to the best authorities, it is on the increase. Less than 25% of the estimated cases receive regular treatment, and almost 40% are afflicted with some form of disability.

Human Consequences

But the importance of the leprosy problem is not a matter of statistics. The human and social consequences are more serious than those of any other disease. Ancient superstitions and fears, social ostracism, economic loss still plague the leprosy victim and his family.

Today we know that leprosy, often called Hansen's disease, is a chronic disease of low infectivity, which can be treated with modern drugs and in some cases cured. Stigmatizing disabilities can often be prevented by early treatment, corrective surgery and physiotherapy.

A Quiet Revolution

But public knowledge of these new advances is woefully limited. Few people, for example, know that the drug of choice in leprosy treatment

was first used at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Carville, Louisiana, in 1942. This development marked the first major breakthrough in leprosy therapy, and paved the way for later advances in plastic and reparative surgery.

What Can Be Done

Medical research must continue, training facilities up-dated, personnel recruited. But at the same time the education of the American public must keep apace with scientific advancements.

And along with all this, leprosy sufferers need love—this is why we have a "mission"—because the church is involved with people.

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active service or in a reserve unit, volunteering for induction, or being drafted.

2. Deferment or exemption until past draft age—by qualifying for one or more of the 12 classifications which Selective Service offers.

3. Conscientious objection—by applying for and getting one of the two classifications which make him eligible to be drafted into non-combatant military service (usually in the Army Medical Corps) or into civilian alternative service in place of combat service.

4. Emigration—by leaving the United States for another country which will let him stay, with the likelihood that he will never be able to return.

5. Prison—for being convicted of refusing to obey Selective Service orders because he is not given the classification he believes he should have or because he refused to cooperate with the Selective Service System at all.

A good counselor will make sure that the young man understands the full implications of any action he may take. He may outline the advantages of enlistment over being drafted, clear up a student deferment problem, or try to determine if a man has a valid case for claiming conscientious-objector status.

The final choice, however, is left to the person who faces the problem. The well-trained counselor knows that he can't make another man's decisions for him.

Counselors get to be well trained by attending classes, seminars, and refresher courses. An organization which is very active in this field is the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO). Although CCCO is primarily interested in the problems of the conscientious objector, it also serves in a general advisory capacity. If, for example, a draft counselor in the Midwest runs into an unusual problem, he can seek guidance from the Midwest Committee for Draft Counseling, an affiliate of CCCO. The same organization trains groups of counselors for many draft-counseling centers in the Midwest.

The list of churches, organizations, and communities which offer draft counseling is growing. One of the oldest and most active is the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), which has branches in many

major cities. AFSC not only does draft counseling but also trains counselors and has an apprentice program.

Although Quakers traditionally are pacifists, not all their counselees are conscientious objectors. One counselor in the AFSC Chicago office said that the majority of individuals she sees are students who want to know what to do after their educational deferments expire, boys who want to know about 1-Y medical deferments, and some men who wish to be deferred because they are supporting their relatives.

Methodism and the Military

The United Methodist Church officially "encourages both love of country and love of all men." The *Discipline* further states: "We recognize the right of the individual to answer the call of his government according to the dictates of his Christian conscience. We also recognize that nonviolent resistance can be a valid form of Christian witness. In all of these situations members of The United Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church."

Draft counseling is done on several levels in United Methodism. Many local ministers counsel young men and their families at the time that they are faced with the draft, just as they counsel them for marriage, or when they go away to college.

In some places draft-counseling centers have been set up at the district level. These centers often become ecumenical or community projects, and these groups sometimes initiate centers which are later approved by the church.

On the national level, the Board of Christian Social Concerns has recently undertaken a special program in draft counseling. This was done, the board says, because of the number of inquiries about Selective Service, because of the board's obligation to provide assistance to Methodists considering conscientious objection, and because of the importance of the draft as an issue.

The board, headquartered in Washington, D.C., offers a number of different services. Literature packets are provided for individual conscientious objectors, for those wishing to set up draft-counseling services, for men seeking alternative service, and for those in the military seeking

discharge or transfer to noncombatant duty. Copies of the official United Methodist statement on conscientious objection and war also are available, as is an official procedure for the registration of conscientious objectors with the board.

In addition to providing literature, the board is prepared to answer whatever questions may arise in individual cases. This will be done, preferably, through a minister or an annual-conference officer working with a young man. In this way, the counselor learns valuable information for his future reference. However, young men may also be advised directly, or they may be referred to draft counselors in their own areas.

The board will also refer young men to attorneys, and limited financial assistance may be available in some cases, according to need, from the Support of Conscience Fund.

The board has encouraged annual conferences and districts to establish counseling centers which will minister to church members but also to a larger constituency. Typical guidelines for such centers are those used by the Northern Illinois Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns' Task Force on Draft Counseling.

Guidelines

According to the guidelines, the center must have the endorsement of the district superintendent or the district program council; a Methodist representative who is responsible to the Methodist community must be on the governing board of the center; and the center must offer no illegal counseling. Counselors must have passed an approved training course.

The task force also established guidelines for counselors. These guidelines define counseling as "enabling the counselee to identify his own values, explain possible alternatives with regard to his military 'obligation,' and to encourage an understanding of motives and consequences involved in a particular decision. This is accomplished by listening, challenging, reflecting, interpreting, questioning, and giving information."

They warn that advocating one's own particular point of view is inappropriate in a counseling context.

The guidelines caution counselors that certain kinds of counseling are illegal and will not be allowed in

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centers approved by United Methodist agencies. It is illegal to advise a man to refuse or evade induction into the armed forces or not to report for assigned civilian work. It is illegal to advise a member of the armed forces to stop performing his duties or to advise him to desert. It is illegal to harbor, conceal, or assist any person who has deserted from the armed forces or to refuse to give him up on the demand of any officer authorized to receive him.

The United Methodist Church is also involved in draft counseling on the national level in that many United Methodists are affiliated with organizations such as the National Inter-religious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the American Friends Service Committee.

Should the Church Counsel?

In some areas United Methodist participation in draft counseling has caused tensions. In the Northern Illinois Annual Conference, for example, district draft-counseling centers were supported by the conference. Several soon became ecumenical projects.

A group of churchmen who made an independent study of the program opposed the use of the Midwest Committee for Draft Counseling and the American Friends Service Committee for training counselors. The group convinced a majority of annual-conference members to vote against further support. This decision was followed by unanimous approval of a substitute plan calling for counseling by "qualified [United] Methodist personnel, using materials supplied by Selective Service authorities."

A pastor who organized the original program says that the draft-counseling centers are still doing a brisk business, but they no longer receive financial support from the annual conference.

In several other parts of the country, conferences support draft-counseling centers, and there is little friction over the issue.

Although the new draft lottery system has reduced the length of time that a young man is subject to the draft call, the deferment system remains the same, and it seems certain that draft counseling will continue—and that the controversy over it will not subside.—Mary Finneran



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NEWS



Mountain lovers wouldn't go to the minister, so the minister went to the mountain. The Rev. Robert Alcott, pastor of the Hotchkiss-Crawford (Colo.) Community United Methodist Churches, noticed that a certain group was consistently absent from Sunday services during the winter. He found that they were snowmobiling nearby. High-school students offered to take charge of regular church services so that Mr. Alcott could hold a special service on top of a 9,500-foot mountain in the Black Mesa area.

GENERAL CONFERENCE CHOICE SEATS CHOSEN

Sticking to denominational tradition and biblical example, the Commission on Entertainment and Program for the April 1970 special session of The United Methodist General Conference in St. Louis, Mo., has drawn names from a hat to determine seating for delegates.

Based upon "casting of lots," first two front-row occupants will be from annual conferences of Louisville, Minnesota, Poland, Agra (India), Southwest, Eastern (former Evangelical United Brethren), West Michigan, and Georgia.

FAMILY-LIFE CONFERENCE WILL 'FACE UP' TO ISSUES

Christian Families Face Up will be the theme when more than 3,000 people meet for the sixth National United Methodist Family Life Conference in Chicago, October 8-11, 1970.

Christian families will be called on to face up to such concerns as international responsibility, changing moral values, the young-adult culture, the generation gap, extremism, peace and patriotism, sex education, and biblical perspective on love and marriage.

Announcing initial plans for the conference was Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., Charlotte, N.C., chairman of the United Methodist General Committee on Family Life.

BISHOPS AND SECRETARIES ENCOURAGE 'BRIDGING GAP'

The Council of Bishops and general secretaries of national boards and agencies of The United Methodist Church have called for a reconciliation within the church and society.

The 65 bishops, meeting in Columbus, Ohio, issued an urgent appeal for United Methodists to use their influence toward reconciling what the council described as our "dangerously divided" society.

"Reconciliation is the basic fact of the gospel of Jesus Christ," the bishops said, noting that "revolution is a reality of our time" and that "often the two seem irreconcilable."

The bishops emphasized that "the church is challenged to develop further ministries of reconciliation [and] calls its members to build bridges, invest in causes, run risks, and make sacrifices that will heal and redeem." The Fund for Reconciliation is United Methodism's attempt to seize a bold initiative in the struggle, they said.

The bishops also came to the defense of dissenters who have been criticized by government officials and others.

The bishops said persons who seek to cut off dissenters have "irresponsibly ridiculed dissent and called into serious question the integrity and patriotism of sincere Americans who publicly challenge our nation's militant involvement in Southeast Asia, the direction of our foreign policy, and our present national priorities."

Referring to the United Methodist *Book of Discipline*, the bishops said

they "vigorously reaffirm the right of all individuals and groups to advocate any peaceful and constitutional method for the solution of the problems that confront society."

The Council of Secretaries, composed of 40 chief executives representing 20 national agencies of United Methodism, pledged their support for better economic and social conditions for minorities. Meeting in New York, the council urged their agencies to "become more sensitive to expressions of racism" and to see themselves as "agents of reconciliation in race and be prepared to speak and act against racism wherever we encounter it."

The council supported the \$2 million goal for United Methodism's 13 black colleges in the 1970 Race Relations Day offering as well as commitment to a program of black economic development.

In other business the bishops were told that four proposed amendments to the denomination's Constitution were overwhelmingly approved by annual conferences.

Needing final ratification by the 1970 General Conference, these amendments would: (1) permit the bishops to name one of their members as full-time secretary of the Council of Bishops; (2) approve mutual seating of four delegates in highest bodies of British and United States Methodism; (3) give annual-conference youth presidents conference membership; and (4) provide special affiliation for some United Methodists in northwest Canada.

REPORT FINDS LIFE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The Sunday school is "not a dying institution," according to the annual Sunday-school report of *Christian Life* magazine. Here are other findings:

1. Churches with largest Sunday enrollments emphasize evangelism rather than social action.

2. Of the 10 largest schools, 9 have pastors from the South even though most of the largest churches are in the North.

3. The largest school is Baptist Temple, Akron, Ohio; average attendance 5,763.

4. Among the 50 largest schools, United Methodists rank 30th, 33rd, and 39th with Boston Avenue United Methodist, Tulsa, Okla., First United Methodist, Dallas, Texas, and St. Luke's United Methodist, Oklahoma City, Okla., respectively.

NCC: Life for a Nonmonolith

Long ago the National Council of Churches learned to live with accusations that it was a monolith, dragging many Protestants, a few Orthodox, and eventually some Roman Catholics toward a maniacal mixture of Super Church with Socialism.

As it staggered out of the 1960s at a four-day General Assembly in Detroit, Mich., what the NCC showed was nearer the truth—that it may do well to survive the divisions and tensions which make it the antithesis of a monolith.

What monolith, for example, would have a vivacious, earned-doctorate, white grandmother running for president against a brilliant, militant, black pastor? (Mrs. Theodore O. Wedel, Episcopalian, defeated the Rev. Albert Cleage of the United Church of Christ 387-93 for the presidency.) What monolith would tolerate abandonment of a laboriously structured agenda, knocking a planned triennial assembly "into a cocked hat"?

Was it monolithic to spend five hours debating whether to accept possible legal jeopardy and "hold in trust" the proffered draft card of a draft-age member of an NCC member communion (not United Methodist)? Was it monolithic to spend all one afternoon and part of one morning having charges, warnings, pleas, and threats hurled by youth, women, American Indians, Spanish Americans, and other pressure groups?

Clearly the answer to all these hypothetical questions is *no*. Thus, strike "monolith" as a synonym for National Council of Churches.

Official explanations aside, the NCC is a crippled but aspiring collection of Christian communions—United Methodists lead the 33 member bodies in membership, financial support, and representation—who keep trying to do things together that they could not or would not do separately. A New York-based staff of some 600, operating on a \$5.5 million payroll, a General Board meeting three times a year, and a General Assembly of about 800 meeting once every three years form and guide the program.

The NCC generates little money of its own and has to look primarily to the member denominations for financial support. Those groups, caught in their own fiscal squeeze, have cut back contributions to NCC.

The financial precipice is not the only one on which the NCC teeters. Another is the imbalance of church representation. One Presbyterian woman barraged the General Assembly's closing day with an attack on the practice of scheduling NCC meetings for the convenience of staff and clergy. The relative absence of youth, women, blacks (except from historically black denominations), and lay persons in the General Assembly delegations supported her claims.

These two precipices—finances and representation—come together with one other—program—at the real peak of NCC problems. What programs are the denominations willing to surrender to the council? The answer, in a trend, is "fewer and fewer."

A proposal which would acknowledge decreasing finances without surrendering program came before the General Assembly in a 50-page report from NCC General Secretary R. H. Edwin Espy. Describing himself as a maverick and going beyond the usual platitudinous bureaucratic report, the American Baptist layman proposed an even broader "General Ecumenical Council" under which denominations could align in or remain aloof from a variety of efforts, all under general council aegis. Present NCC member communions are expected to call a national consultation to weigh the idea.

The NCC has been at pains for years to explain that it does not speak for the churches. Rather, the council loudly protests, it speaks only to the churches.

Within those limits of actions, then, the NCC's final session of the 1960s and the eighth triennial General Assembly in its 20 years spoke on such subjects as U.S. draft refugees in Canada, civilian massacres in Viet Nam, "Christmas as usual," land claims of Eskimos and Aleuts, peaceful dissent, population growth, chemical and biological warfare, and Palestinian refugees.

Various minority groups and subclones within minority groups stoutly presented their claims and demands to the NCC in Detroit. Their persistence and success unavoidably will mold the NCC of the 1970s, especially if the power continues to slip away from the traditional majority of white clergymen over 40.

—John A. Lovelace

METHODIST FILM RECEIVES HONOR

Hello Up There, a United Methodist short-subject motion picture, is believed to be the first film produced by a church agency to receive an honorable mention from the San Francisco International Film Festival.

The film explores the communication gap between young children and adults. It was produced by the United Methodist Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communication, and was financed by World Service funds and Columbia Pictures, Inc., film distributor.

FUNDS ALLOCATED FOR VIET NAM REHABILITATION

The United Methodist Quadrennial Emphasis Committee recently allocated \$132,000 for rehabilitation work in South Viet Nam.

The money is the first installment of an anticipated 2-million-dollar grant which will be used for permanent housing and development loans for small businessmen in South Viet Nam.

The money is part of the church's Fund for Reconciliation being raised during the 1968-72 quadrennium. The fund also supports the work of the church's Commission on Religion and Race and a variety of projects with black people and other disadvantaged groups.

In addition to the Fund for Reconciliation, the Quadrennial Emphasis includes a church-wide Bible-study program and the recruitment of young volunteers for specific works of reconciliation and rehabilitation.

BMCR SEEKS TO BUOY MERGER DISCUSSIONS

Three black Methodist denominations have been asked to send representatives to the national meeting of Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR) February 17-20 in Kansas City, Mo.

BMCR, an unofficial organization in United Methodism, extended the invitation in an attempt to strengthen merger talks between United Methodist and Christian Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal, and African Methodist Episcopal Zion churches.

The BMCR board was also highly critical of the United Methodist Board of Missions because it had failed to turn over appropriated

funds for black empowerment. The Board of Missions appropriated over \$1 million to designated black groups and institutions at its annual meeting in November. BMCR called the delay "a further repudiation of self-determination and an extension of white racism in the control of funds."

FINDINGS ISSUED AFTER MPH STUDY

A committee which spent more than a year studying charges against The Methodist Publishing House has issued its findings to the Council of Bishops. The council, in turn, authorized that the 70-page report be sent to leaders across the denomination.

The study grew out of requests for such an investigation by Board of Publication officials at the 1968 General Conference. The 17-member study group was chaired by Bishop Eugene M. Frank of St. Louis, Mo.

On balance the report is critical of Board of Publication and MPH management. It said the board has "fallen far short" in its assignment as governing body of MPH and recommended that the board "demand, if necessary, an opportunity to more closely scrutinize" policies and work of MPH management.

On charges of racial discrimination in MPH hiring and promotion policies, the study committee cited

only one example of discriminatory labor practice but noted "subtleties which hold minority employees in the lower ranks of employment."

The committee supported the board's announcement of June, 1969, that MPH would join Project Equality as a supplier rather than as a sponsor. The latter, more inclusive membership in the national interfaith fair-employment program has been called for by several United Methodist groups.

Labor relations at MPH, subject of discussion for several years, were found basically satisfactory by the study committee.

In its only other major area of inquiry, the study committee found "no evidence" that MPH exerts any improper influence over editorial policies of publications, but it cited "subtle influences" on and "certain anxieties among" some editors of general church periodicals. The study committee said the Board of Publication and MPH management "must sustain and encourage the editors."

In concluding recommendations, the 17-member committee said the Board of Publication "must assume immediate responsibility" for selection of MPH management "which has the vision of the church in the business world."

The full group also asked that it be disbanded but that a five-member committee be appointed to study MPH progress with regard to the full committee's recom-



These youngsters can eat a hearty breakfast every school day morning because of the efforts of a group started by the men of Fourth Street United Methodist Church in Sterling, Ill. The program, which feeds 62 children in a building owned by the Salvation Army, now is a community project, and volunteers represent many denominations. Self-help Enterprises, an agency for the handicapped and retarded, provides the kitchen crew.

mendations and proposed that this smaller committee make semiannual reports between late 1969 and the 1972 General Conference.

MPH President and Publisher Lovick Pierce and Board of Publication Chairman Bradshaw Mintener responded to the study committee report with a statement to the denomination. They declared that a "constructive and positive approach" would be taken to the study report, an attitude called for in exactly those words in the report itself.

The statement said a committee has been appointed to review the report and, hopefully, to report to the Board of Publication prior to the 1970 General Conference special session in St. Louis, Mo.

BLACK COMMUNITY WORK EXPANDED

An expanded black community developers program totaling \$1 million over four years is being launched by a committee representing three United Methodist agencies. The program plans to hire almost 50 developers [see story page 3] to serve in needy communities and is accepting requests from such communities.

The new program is being financed from the Fund for Reconciliation. A typical community developer, working closely with a local pastor and congregation, seeks to bring the black community into more authentic local mission.

CHURCH BORROWS TO PAY FOR GHETTO WATER LINE

In an unprecedented move, the predominantly white First United Methodist Church of Ravenna, Ohio, voted recently to mortgage its building for \$40,000 to help build a water line for a black ghetto.

The recipient is the McElrath Park community in an unincorporated section of Ravenna. McElrath Park, with 2,000 black residents, was formed shortly after World War I and has never had water or sewer facilities. Because the area is unincorporated, the city is not responsible for its water and sewerage.

The 3 to 1 vote by the 1,250-member church terminated a year and a half of trying to decide where the church could do the most good. The church already had an \$11,000 mortgage note. Its pastor, the Rev. Donald E. Barss, termed the church's action "an act of love." He said,

"We [the church] asked ourselves how we could make Christianity more relevant to the world."

In a survey, McElrath Park residents listed water and sewers as their most desired community improvements. Most of the leadership toward the project came from the church's commission on Christian social concerns and its commission on finance.

The \$40,000 mortgage money will represent the 10 percent contribution required of the McElrath community to qualify for a federal grant to complete the line. Total cost for the 4,000-foot line is an estimated \$500,000.

News of the church's action caused one resident to say she had been waiting 40 years for someone to recognize the community's condition. The president of the McElrath Park Improvement Corporation said the community had been encouraged by the \$40,000 in faith and interest shown in them and hoped it meant the beginning of further co-operation between Ravenna churches and McElrath residents.

EXTREMISTS ATTACKED FOR SEX-EDUCATION ROLE

Extremist attacks on sex education in public schools became the objects of attacks themselves recently in a publication issued by a United Methodist task force.

The subgroup of the United Methodist Committee on Family Life said the campaign to destroy sex-education programs in public schools "comes close to religious heresy" and operates "under the guise of religion."

The publication, mailed to United Methodist pastors and local-church co-ordinators of family ministries, says pastors and churchmen have an obligation to counteract extremists' distortions with biblical and theological scholarship.

The family-life task group encourages churchmen to identify groups attacking sex education, become acquainted with tactics of extremist organizations, find "allies," get facts, urge citizens to vote, and work for good family-life and sex-education courses in public schools. The publication includes a list of resources and a list of groups opposing and supporting sex education in public schools.

[For fuller discussion of the role of extremist groups in sex education, see *Home, School, Church—and Sex Education*, November 1969, page 12.—Your Editors]

RELIGIOUS BANNER MADE MOON TRIP

Navy Captain Alan Bean, first United Methodist to explore the moon, carried a religious banner with him on his half-million-mile trip.

The banner, depicting the history of Christianity, included these religious symbols: the rose of Martin Luther, a crusader's cross representing Roman Catholicism, an open Bible as a symbol of Calvinism, a fish as a symbol of the early church, an Anglican chalice, a world and cross from the Anabaptist tradition, a trifoil of the Trinity, and the United Methodist symbol of a black cross superimposed over a red flame.

Captain Bean and his family are members of the Clear Lake United Methodist Church in Clear Lake City, Texas, near Houston. The banner was presented to the church after the astronauts were released from quarantine.

The Rev. John E. Fellers, Clear Lake pastor, described the astronaut as "very interested in relating his religious convictions to his everyday life in terms of his actions and conduct toward his fellow-man."

Prior to the launch, Capt. Bean said that two things, "major factors in a man's life," were important as he got ready to venture into space—one was his technical knowledge and ability and the other was his religious convictions.

CENTURY CLUB

Among seven United Methodists joining our centenarians' club this month, one has another distinction. E. R. Gass, spy and keenly remembered at 101, has seen the number of his direct descendants multiply past the 100 mark as well.

Mrs. Florence E. Case, 100, Los Angeles, Calif.

Judge E. W. Coney, 103, Sedalia, Mo.

E. R. Gass, 101, Trenton, Mo.

Mrs. Ella Greene, 100, Wooster, Ohio.

Mrs. Lillian Hasenplug, 100, Greenville, Pa.

Mrs. Agnes D. Leland, 100, Sharon, Mass.

Miss Anna Swanson, 100, Denver, Colo.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and its location.



Coffeehouses, once suspected of being gathering places of subversive organizations, are so straight that there are semiannual Coffee House Awards sponsored by the Coffee Information Service, an agency of the coffee industry of America. Kathy Kovacs (center), representative of The Wrong Number, sponsored by young adults of North Broadway United Methodist Church in Columbus, Ohio, accepts one of three first prizes, an antique coffee mill, from Louis A. Custrini of the Coffee Information Service. Looking on is Dorothy Phillips of the Salvation Army, a member of the National Coffee House Advisory Group which judged the contest entries. It is estimated there are 1,200 adult-approved, youth-operated coffeehouses. United Methodists sponsor the largest number of the approximately 800 related to religious groups.

COMPUTER SYSTEM SOUGHT FOR CHURCH PERSONNEL

How would you like your minister selected by a computer?

The United Methodist Interboard Committee on Enlistment for Church Occupations (ICECO) has approved, in principle, a feasibility study of such a system.

Main function of the system would be to help determine right persons for jobs ranging from missionaries to directors of Christian education and hospital administrators. Concern was expressed, though, as to how the system could work within the United Methodist system of ministerial appointments and annual conference memberships for ministers.

ICECO will recommend that the 1970 General Conference special session approve an initial phase of the system for church personnel not in pastoral service. If four other denominations participating with ICECO and the National Council of Churches agree to move ahead, installation costs of the system—

\$105,000—will be paid by a private foundation.

Eventual annual operating cost to United Methodists for a file of 10,000 names is estimated at \$37,000. Initial studies were authorized in 1967 by ICECO, NCC, American Baptists, United Presbyterians, Lutheran Church in America, and United Church of Christ.

INDEX

An alphabetical index covering Volume 13 of *Together* (January-December, 1969) now is available for 25¢ from the *Together* Business Office at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

United Methodists in the News

S. H. Allman, a layman from Hot Springs, Ark., has been elected president of the Arkansas Council of Churches.

Miss Vaudra Rushing has become the director of the Washington Study Program for the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

The Rev. **John Gattis**, Nashville, Tenn., has been named president of the 31-member United States National Committee for the International Christian Youth Exchange Program.

Mrs. M. Olin (Ruth C.) Burkholder, a United Methodist missionary to Korea since 1936, has received a letter of appreciation from Korea's minister of justice for her service to youthful offenders in the Korean capital.

Don S. Robb, Schenectady, N.Y., retired manager of real estate for the General Electric Co., has accepted an assignment as economic consultant to the National Division of the Board of Missions.

Mrs. Phyllis J. Wayman, Sioux Falls, S.Dak., and Washington, D.C., is the first recipient of the Laskey Scholarship of the Women's Division of the Board of Missions. The scholarship was designed to aid women studying theology.

Dr. Edwin A. Briggs, former head of the stewardship division of the Board of the Laity, was honored in Chicago recently when he retired after 47 years in the ministry.

The Rev. **Jack D. Travelstead**, district superintendent in East St. Louis, Ill., was named interim president of the new Inter-Church Association of Metropolitan St. Louis.

Dr. Josef Szczepkowski has retired as superintendent of the Polish Methodist Church and principal of the 5,000-student Methodist-sponsored English-language college in Warsaw.

DEATHS: Dr. **Thomas A. Stafford**, a minister for more than 60 years and a pioneer in the church pensions movement . . . Dr. **O. J. Carder**, a past-president of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes and a member of the United Methodist Hall of Fame in Philanthropy . . . Dr. **J. Emerson Ford**, retired editor of youth publications of the former Methodist Church.

The Church in a Changing Scene

NATIONAL church meetings are not what they used to be. Likely they will never be the same again.

Recent top policy-making gatherings of various denominations, the Detroit General Assembly of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., and United Methodist general board sessions all speak eloquently of the changing scene in which the church today finds itself.

As churchmen we may, or may not, appreciate these new forces at work within these national church gatherings. But like them or not, the church needs to be aware of them if it would meet the future realistically and with a relevant word of Christian hope.

Here are a few random observations which are the "fallout" of recent national church meetings.

1. *Traditional procedures are giving way.* The normal agenda, the regular reports, the usual pace of general church meetings seem to be out the window. There is a great impatience with rules of order and business as usual. Irregular procedures are countenanced to permit special interests to express themselves on urgent issues.

2. *Programs merely handed down from administrative levels are doomed.* There is strong, even fierce, opposition to what are viewed as establishment-type programs which have not significantly involved group members themselves in their development.

3. *Participation is the key word.* "Participatory democracy" is demanded as the style for church meetings and for program development. This reflects a revolt against what is alleged to be an irrelevant centralized leadership and a struggle for local involvement and control of projects.

4. *Special interest groups are becoming more vocal and are growing in number.* Groups based on race, sex, specific social causes, and theological compatibility continue to emerge more distinctly. They are demanding more adequate opportunities to present their claims before the whole church.

5. *Polarization is on the increase.* The gap widens between liberals and conservatives, adults and youth, the affluent and the poor, clergy and laymen, intellectuals and the uneducated, blacks and whites, and between other groups with conflicting interests. However, this trend is in tension with the one toward more inclusiveness cited below, and it is not clear which will ultimately predominate.

6. *Pluralism is finding increasing acceptance.* The church may begin to accept more comfortably the differences within its own household. Thus it could develop a tolerance for diversity which permits various expressions of Christian faith—from conservatives, moderates, liberals, and radicals—to co-exist within a broader fellowship in which each respects the legitimacy of the other.

7. *Laymen, youth, women, blacks, and other minority groups are demanding more power in the church.* These demands in many cases have reached explosive proportions. National church bodies tend to be made up primarily of white male clergy over 50. The pressure for client representation in the church's planning, program development, fund raising, and program implementation is overwhelming.

8. *There is an increasing call for the church to define its goals.* Many laymen and clergymen are demanding to know where the church is heading. Answers given so far have not reassured them.

9. *The church faces financial crisis.* The tensions between the person who gives, the authority who decides where funds go, and the recipient of the gift have severely limited the amount of church receipts. Laymen increasingly are asking to participate more fully in the decisions for the administering of church funds and to relate more closely to the recipients of church benevolences.

10. *Communication is breaking down.* Communication among many groups within the church is woefully ineffective. For example, church leaders are unhappy at the lack of understanding of general program in the local churches while local churches are unhappy that general church leaders seem not to listen to what they say about their needs.

11. *Bigness is considered undesirable.* General mistrust of bigness in our society applies to The United Methodist Church and its agencies. It also applies to the proposals for the Consultation on Church Union. But coupled with this disenchantment with sheer size is a movement toward practical ecumenicity manifesting itself through increasing informal relationships with Roman Catholics and other churches.

12. *Critical issues for mankind assume dominance.* The church evidences growing concern about war, nuclear capability, the population explosion, cybernation, the knowledge explosion, ecological maladjustment, changing value systems, racism, urbanization, political action, educational development, crime, poverty, and many other issues in modern society.

These are some ways in which new currents of thought and action are manifesting themselves in various areas of the church today.

A special session of the General Conference of The United Methodist Church will meet in St. Louis on April 20-24. Those who lead this conference and those who participate in it will need to be acutely aware of these factors which will bear strongly on that conference. May they have wisdom, grace, and courage to find God's way for the church amidst the complex, confusing, and changing scene of the world today.

—Your Editors

Should A Christian Be Afraid To Die?

By CHARLIE ANN MENDEZ



LAST SUMMER, because of a pain where no pain should have been, it occurred to me for the first time that one day I would have to die. From that moment until the doctor told me several days later that the trouble was quite minor, two things formed a backdrop for everything I said and did: a sudden fear of death, and an even stronger sense of shame at being afraid.

I never had talked about death to anyone, but somehow I had the idea that most people did fear it. It was easy to understand why some would. Having manufactured their own private hell on earth, they might foresee little possibility of abandoning it when they died. But a Christian—me? It seemed an insult to God, as though deep down I didn't believe that Christ had conquered death, turning it from a dead-end alley to a dark tunnel ending at God's throne. The thought that I was repaying God's never-ending help and comfort with a complete lack of trust made me very ashamed.

On the other hand, there was evidence on all sides that I *should* fear death very much. Newspaper accounts of murders, whispers in funeral homes, blatant accounts of fatal accidents all sprang up from the miscellaneous wastebasket of memory.

During the daytime I could see these things in their proper perspective; at night it was a different story. Fear came sneaking back as the sun went down and by the time the stars were out it was there in full force. And I was so ashamed of it! Every night the shame got in the way of my prayers. No matter what I wanted to pray, it always turned into "Father, I don't know why I'm so afraid. It isn't a lack of faith, truly it isn't!" I knew God loved me; I knew he had a place ready for me; I knew I loved and served him.

At that point in my one-sided

nightly meditations, I heard a little voice that I didn't want to hear oozing up from my subconscious: "You call that loving and serving? You can hide your pettiness and your selfishness from your friends, but this is God you may have to defend yourself to. You might measure up by human standards, but God's yardstick begins and ends with absolute perfection. You don't have a chance with that piddling little nonsense you call loving and serving!"

I had never heard the little voice making that particular speech before, but it was no stranger to me, and no friend either. Its argument was subtle, but I knew nothing good could come from that source. Its entire reason for being was to undermine my faith.

The only thing left was to find the flaw in its argument.

THE strength of that argument was in its subtlety which went to the very roots of the nature of grace—that salvation is a gift which God gave us because he loves us, not because we earn it. If we could work our way to heaven on good deeds, the Christian adventure would have all the dynamic vitality of a step-ladder reaching up to a pretty picture. Once this flaw was found, the little voice oozed back again to wherever it hides.

And yet, a question still remained in my mind. This faith that I was so busily assuring God that I had—shouldn't it fill my spirit completely, leaving no room for doubts and fears? Wasn't the very fact that I was undoubtedly afraid sure proof that my faith was a childish thing, that it was too immature to stand up to a real blow?

These questions spun around in my mind until the day the doctor assured me that my problem was minor. Then the fear went away with a pouf, and the questions

stopped their troublesome spinning.

The next time I thought about death was during a recent night of insomnia. There in the dark, with my husband snoring and my daughter giggling in her sleep, I remembered that I had felt last summer's fear, or its cousin, twice before.

The first time I felt it was several days before my marriage. I suppose many girls feel those premarital apprehensions, a chalky feeling in the mouth and a churning in the stomach. Those whose first taste of sex comes in an unplanned surge of passion probably don't—there just isn't time to think about it. But for those who wait, who plan, whose honeymoon schedule lets them know almost to the hour when it will burst upon them, thinking about that first revelatory experience can become almost an obsession. They begin to feel apprehensive, nervous—in a word, afraid.

Where was my faith at that time? Perhaps "faith" isn't exactly the right word, but it comes very close to the love I felt for Salvador, and the confidence I had in his understanding which is one way to describe the emotional side of faith. And yet all the love and confidence I could muster did not make that fear go away. It disappeared later of its own accord, washed away by the stronger emotions of the experience itself, leaving only the love and confidence that had been there in the beginning.

The second time I felt this cousin of the fear of death was with the first twinge of labor pain. Since the sex explosion of the 40s, I had read hundreds of articles on natural childbirth, how to bear down at the crucial moment, rooming-in, and all the others. In the nine months before I felt that first twinge, I read it all again, with a definite purpose this

time. And yet when the big moment finally arrived, I felt a chill completely out of keeping with the July weather.

And where was my faith that time? I had a thorough layman's knowledge of the birth process, and complete confidence in my doctor's skill, which is a fairly good description of the intellectual side of faith. And yet the fear persisted until later, when I was just too busy to be afraid. The confidence I had in my doctor was still there after Esther was safely born, and the fear had gone.

Lying there on that night of insomnia, I suddenly got a comfortable idea. "Of course I'm afraid to die!" I thought. "I just couldn't afford to right now. Who would finish paying for the car while Salvador is in engineering school? Who would read to Esther and count the times she jumps rope? I'm not afraid for myself; I'm afraid for my family. That's nothing to be ashamed of!" I was so relieved to get the whole problem straight that I went right to sleep.

THE next morning I knew it was nothing but self-deception. I just couldn't admit that I was afraid of what would happen to me.

Strangely enough, that seemingly unselfish midnight thought was a much greater denial of God's love and power than my simple fear of dying. All our negative emotions—anger, sorrow, and fear—are very normal human reactions, and faith does not exist for the purpose of smothering them. Rather it is to help us slog through them without giving way to them.

But the solution I framed during my bout with insomnia? In blunter, truer words, it came to this: "I'm such a big frog in this pond, my contributions are so utterly valuable, that God with all his ingenuity could never find a replacement for me!" Without realizing it, and with all intentions toward humility, I had come to the highest point of egotism!

And yet the Christian adventure is not a cut-and-dried thing. I think it is natural to worry about the sorrow our loved ones will feel after we are gone, even while we trust to God to provide healing for the pain while leaving the memory intact. This, I am sure, was a small part of the fear I felt last summer.

But the basic tie that gives the fear of death kinship with the other two fears is that death is so completely unknown. In the great gray mass of unframed, unmeasured unknown is where fear lives. The fog that lies between ignorance and knowledge of sex, between childlessness and motherhood, between this end of death's tunnel and the other end completely prevents our seeing what is on the other side—and we are afraid.

I have penetrated that fog twice now, and when I reached the other side, the fog evaporated completely. Now I know what it's like, and the unknown is gone.

The next time the possibility of death comes into my neatly marked horizons, fear will come with it, creeping out of the fog that fills the tunnel. But the next time I don't think I will be ashamed of feeling that fear. And I am sure that once the light of knowledge has burned the fog away, the fear will disappear in the stronger emotions of the experience. □

AFFIRMATION

By Pollyanna Sedziol

Looking up into the
infinitely expanding
and yet to be completed
vastness
of that which is beyond
I am comforted—
Such creativity
Could only come
from a
generous Heart.
Generous enough
for even a cross.

Worship Comes Out of the Woodwork

By MARTHA W. HICKMAN

IT IS early in the morning. Several hundred people have climbed up three flights of stairs to this auditorium (could it be only three?—it seemed like seven) to join in an experimental worship service.

The room looks like what it is—a moderate-sized auditorium—no Gothic structure, no intricate wood carvings, no cross, candles, flowers. Instead, a couple of long tables put end to end across the front of the room, below the stage, and the Communion elements, very simple: some loaves of bread, a pair of chalices.

We finish singing a hymn. It is time for the reading of the Gospel. One of the two men leading the worship picks up a Bible and strides down the center aisle until he gets about halfway down, and there he stops and reads: "Now on the first day of Unleavened Bread . . ." I can't see him, though all of us, standing between our rows of auditorium chairs, have turned toward the place of his voice, the "midst of the assembly" as the order of worship describes it. But I can hear him very well, and I like it, this walking into the middle of the crowd to bring



"I can't see him . . . But I can hear him very well, and I like it, this walking into the middle of the crowd to bring it its Word. 'There am I, in the midst of them.' Yes, it seems appropriate."



"We move to the Communion—each person walking forward to receive a piece of bread torn from a common loaf . . ."

it its Word. The center of the circle. The yeast infusing the dough. "There am I, in the midst of them." Yes, it seems appropriate.

The minister concludes the reading and comes back to the front table and the service proceeds, all of us gathered now even more intensely to attention. The other man, a bishop, talks about the meaning of Communion. He tells of some young people who brought to a Communion altar the things they cared most deeply about—a piece of automobile tire, some jewelry, a book, a photograph of a person. Can you imagine that that tire, that jewelry, that book, the relationship with that person—that these things were ever the same for them again? Can you imagine the fusion of "sacred" and "secular" that must take place at such a service? Worship . . . central to life. Worship . . . "in the midst of them."

We move to the Communion—each person walking forward to receive a piece of bread torn from a common loaf, to dip it into the chalice, eat it, and then move on back to his seat. The crowd is bigger than anticipated and the serving of Communion takes a long time. After a while someone has started singing again the hymn we all sang a few moments ago—"Let us break bread together on our knees . . . on our knees." The rest of us join in, and through the half hour or so it takes for all the people to commune the hymn rises and falls: through the verses, then a hum once through the music, then a wait, then a return to the singing of the words again. It is uncanny. As the last persons reach the Communion table, the congregation reaches the last line of the last stanza and the music swells to a full and astonishing volume: "When I fall on my knees, / With my face to the rising sun, / O Lord, have mercy on me." It is still early morning.

More than 1,000 people are gathered in the huge auditorium. Most of us have never seen each other before. We are not sitting in rows but in folding-chair circles of eight each—about 150 circles in all. We have just participated in a Communion service, and heard an address. We have been sitting for quite a while and we are, perhaps, a bit uneasy about this whole format.

Someone at the main microphone is giving instructions: "Go around your circle now, and tell each other who you are, why you came, and raise any questions you have about what has been said." We turn to each other. I wonder whether this is going to work out at all. But we start out, talking a little louder than we would ordinarily because the room is full and it is noisy. Several of the men are ministers. Three are students in seminary. One is a doctor. I am a wife, a mother, a writer. We do talk, somehow making ourselves heard, known to each other; and in the midst of this crowded floor of chairs, we do, by our sharing with one another, become a small group so that the next time we come to this location we will look for each other as for our particular family. And I, at least, will feel some anxiety and rejection when we gather at the next session and three of the men are not there. I remember in Saint-Exupéry's book *The Little Prince* how the fox says to the prince, "You become responsible forever for what you have tamed." You become part of a group and the group depends on you for part of its life, and if you are not there the group suffers and that is part of your responsibility, too. Maybe this understanding about responsibility and rejection is part of Christian community and worship.

Several hundred of us are jammed into a small room, amid clusters of balloons and mikes. In an open space in the center are singing, swaying, clapping young people, led by a thin, wavy-haired young man with black-rimmed glasses. He is a United Methodist minister, and his group is about to present an "informal celebration."

Everyone sings now. Some hold balloons, jiggling them up and down with the music. A friend, sans balloon but in the spirit of "free celebration," puts up his huge black umbrella. We all laugh. The mood is infectious, gay, jubilant.

The celebration continues. A responsive reading, some Scripture, more singing. A quickly sobering time of intercession at which taped sounds are interwoven with prayers: a baby cries—"Let us pray for the innocent"; sounds of a car crash—"Let us pray for those who drive

foolishly"; a burst of gunfire—"Let us pray for Viet Nam."

As the service ends, chattering takes over. People resume their more dignified mien. "Reminded me of revivals down South," someone says. It literally was "revival," for it restored our zip and energy at the end of a very long day.

[For pictures of a reenactment of this service see *The Man Who Cared*, pages 30-38.]

All these experiences took place at the Convocation on Worship, held in St. Louis last April, sponsored by the Commission on Worship of The United Methodist Church. In this four-day event about 1,800 persons gathered to explore the nature of Christian worship—its meaning, its various crises in theology, music, language, and faith.

Why did so many come to a convocation on worship? After all, isn't worship still a few prayers, hymns, some Bible readings, and then the big thing—the sermon—on which the success of the service rises or falls? Not now, not anymore. There is a renewed interest in worship—a curiosity, a puzzlement, an eagerness to try new things as though the church, in a time of internal and external crisis, goes back to look again at her sources of strength, at what gives the church power.

I look back on my experiences at the convocation and I wonder: What does work in worship? What distinguishes Christian worship from other kinds of worship? And, in another meaning of the word, what work does worship accomplish?

There are other kinds of worship I must include, though, before I can answer these questions for myself. The convocation, by its format and circumstance, could express deeply only some of the needs of people who come to worship. The concerns of personal anguish, frustration, and tragic circumstance were not as evident at the convocation as they are in a worshipping congregation. What about these needs?

Nor could the large, short-term

convocation authentically examine the types of worship experienced by small groups where religious language, if used at all, is used only in some unconventional way, where one has a sense nonetheless of God as being present. I have felt in a non-religious-oriented therapy group a kind of holy community—holy because it had to do with a deep sharing of persons with each other, with acceptance and grace beyond what anyone “deserved.”

Or, I recall meeting in a living room with students who had been in a voter-registration campaign. They had been talking, in a casual, almost lighthearted way, about their adventures: how their lodgings had been set afire, how they had been harassed and hurt. As they talked, I wondered: What sustains them? How can they cope with the rage and the hurt? Then they asked if we would join them in singing a few of their songs. We joined hands and sang, and I could feel this small community grow strong, and hearts lift, and tiredness fall away, and will and courage be renewed—worship.

I think of other times that had more conventional symbols of worship than these. I remember a memorial service in our city park after the assassination of Martin Luther King. Watching the people stream across the invisible barrier of State Street, from the black ghetto, and from the college buildings, I stood by a bearded young man in chinos and sandals and was grateful that for once all of us with our different symbols of selfhood felt no need to explain ourselves to each other.

Or again, as a member of what must have been one of the strangest of all scattered worshipping communities, sitting in front of a million television sets, I remember hearing with an inner leap of incredulous delight the voice of astronaut James Lovell reading on Christmas Eve, “And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters . . .”

What can we distill from these varieties of worship experiences, that seems to be always there, if worship is to be valid? And what are the variables?

The one constant I keep coming back to is that worship acknowledges and strengthens our sense of ourselves as a community, as a people,



The Convocation on Worship had numerous special interest groups. At this one, on new images of worship, the leader discusses a slide presentation.

as a group. We are individuals, of course, and some of the things we most value in ourselves and in others are gifts of our solitude. But the walls of our aloneness are very thin, and even then our being as persons depends on the background music of ourselves against the communities which help us to be and to know who we are. As the physical body works only when material filters back and forth through the membranes of our system, so the church can work, be itself, only as there is this constant nourishing of each other.

If community really is our nature as a people of God, we should express this more freely in our worship. We do some things to act out our family-ness. We eat together, in Communion. We sing together, remain silent together, pray and read

together. But we could do more—both in our planned services (as, for example, we pass a “handclasp of peace” throughout the congregation)—and as we allow ourselves to respond freely to each other, reaching out in all supporting and human ways. I recall how at some moments of anguish of my own I have felt a support beyond words by the simple gesture of a friend who, sitting beside me in a silent meeting, reached out to lay a hand on my arm.

If community is the keynote of who we are when we come to worship, then what are we expressing? It seems to me that we are expressing, in complementary and alternating moods and with infinite variation, two human needs: the need for *celebration* and for *interpretation*.

Celebration is a key word in

worship these days, and its use is often confusing. Originally the word, from the Latin, meant to make manifest, to make famous, to proclaim. But celebrate to most Americans means to mark a joyous occasion, a happy party, with all its connotations of high-spirited delight. I am using the latter meaning here.

Let me suggest a circle, divided down the middle, with celebration on one side, and interpretation on the other. With worship as celebration we associate qualities of brightness, noise, extroversion, self-forgetting, major keys in music. With worship as interpretation, we associate qualities of strengthening, comfort in sorrow, self-understanding and awareness, quiet, subtle and subdued colors, musical minor keys, introversion. It seems to me we need both these sides of the circle in our worship—not necessarily in each service but in our total experience.

We could use these halves of a circle to describe many other elements of worship: the church and the world (or, as someone has suggested, the church gathered and the church scattered); new ways and old ways; verbal and nonverbal (this issue came up often at the convocation); personal and mechanical; comforting and disrupting; traditional and modern.

As we try to sort out for ourselves the various available modes of worship, we may find ourselves at times in a land of strange modern sights and sounds—of electronic sound, and strobe lights, and of motion pictures made of abstract shapes jerking back and forth on a screen. What do they all mean? What do they say to us about God and ourselves and the church as the present-day body of Christ? Or, in less extreme examples, we hear jazz, rock, and soul music where we used to hear Mozart and Bach, and the guitar instead of the organ, and we don't need the words of Bob Dylan's song to tell us that *The Times They Are A-Changin'*.

At the worship convocation, for instance, tape recorders were everywhere. Technology is wonderful, but it has its pitfalls, particularly when the equipment for inducing a moving worship experience doesn't work. If the mechanisms broke down occasionally at the convocation—which they did—how much more likely is

the church at Grover's Corners to abort its attempts to tune in on the McLuhan era when in the hushed silence of waiting for the marvels of electronic media nothing is heard but the flipping of a loose film end or the scratching of a needle.

More promising experiments for most congregations are those modes of worship, attuned to the Monday-Saturday life-style of modern man, which can be relayed to us through persons rather than through machines. (Reliance on persons, in addition to being less subject to mechanical awkwardness, seems more appropriate to our belief that people are more important than things.)

If you have young persons in your community who sing and play guitars, encourage them to participate on Sunday mornings in your worship service; some contemporary songs are marvelously perceptive comments on man and God. Even such simple things as using modern instead of King James English in some of the prayers can help, or including the reading of newspaper headlines as a way of underlining the universal concern of the church, or walking into the midst of the congregation to read the Gospel lesson.

We can use in our small groups (if our pews and our images are too fastened in place for this kind of innovation in our major services of worship) sensitivity games to heighten our understanding of what it means to be a person.

A very simple game is to divide a group of eight, for instance, into two rows of four persons facing each other. Now, ask each person to look into the face of the person opposite him for three minutes, without conversation. At the close of the three minutes, go around the group and ask each person to describe his own feelings during the time that has just passed. Sound like a routine parlor game? Try it sometime and see if you do not understand both the persons present and the meaning of community in a new way.

What have these things to do with Christian worship? As one minister put it, in a film showing the use of a game like this in a worship service, "Think what it means to you that the Word was made flesh, and came as a Person."

Most congregations are made up of

people of different ages, different orientations, different styles of life, and worship needs to cry out to the needs of each person present or how can it sustain him? What may turn on the young people may make some of the others clap their hands over their ears. More likely, despite our common mythology, these differences are not stratified by age, and if a church cannot include in its major worship services enough variety and common ground to meet the needs of all worshipers, then why not have two services—one traditional and one contemporary—and make them both open to all? Let us rejoice in this diversity of age and taste.

It seems to me that the church is one of the few places left where young and old can gather in a community of true understanding. I recall being in a church group of 15 persons where some of the sensitivity techniques were used. The age range of the group was from 15 to about 70, and I saw a girl of 16 and a woman of 70 walk toward each other and greet each other in a display of mutual trust and acceptance that made "generation gap" an empty phrase.

Whose responsibility is it that worship turn out well? In one sense, is it not God's and not ours at all? And yet, we have our work to do. I remember reading an article by folk singer Joan Baez in which she spoke of meditation as a way of finding truth. She spoke of meditation as paying attention—really, with the whole self paying attention.

It seems to me that Christian worship can be more than paying attention, but it can never be less. Our responsibility is to find and use whatever techniques and understandings are needed to break into the pattern of our self-preoccupation—as literally, almost, as someone breaking into a circle of persons standing in a ring, holding hands. And then, having begun to pay attention, we can, in our acts of worship, discover again Who it is who has broken into our circle and stands in our midst. □

A service to remind us of...

'The MAN Who Cared'

ONE OF THE most talked-about events at the United Methodist Convocation on Worship in St. Louis last spring was a worship service presented by young people from the First United Methodist Church of Mattoon, Ill. *The Man Who Cared*, on the Pentecost theme, was contemporary liturgy, even to electronic music and balloons. It had been developed by the young people themselves with the help of Associate Minister Samuel L. Muyskens, and encouragement of the senior pastor, Clifford Brown.

The Mattoon UMYF—the high schoolers call themselves Youth Power, the junior highs call themselves Youth Challengers—had been studying existing worship forms since the previous fall, always asking themselves how they could communicate the beliefs and teachings of the Christian church more effectively in today's world.

Although the young people had presented a similar but simpler worship service earlier, it was not until after the convocation in St. Louis that *The Man Who Cared* was presented in their home sanctuary. It was presented, also, in Mattoon's Burgess Osborne Auditorium, where the worshipers faced each other across a Communion table in the center. At one end were the drums, guitars, string bass, and other instruments. Dancers and hand-clappers, the youth who led the service, were in the first row on either side.

These pictures were made during this service in the auditorium and are accompanied here by excerpts from the liturgy. Together the words and pictures show genuine worship that follows traditional structures, even though it is expressed in contemporary ways and does not take place in a sanctuary.

—Helen Johnson

ASSEMBLY, in procession around the auditorium, sings *Here We Are*,¹ by Ray Repp:

Refrain:

Here we are all together
as we sing our song joyfully.
Here we are joined together
as we pray we'll always be.

Verse:

Join we now as friends, and celebrate
the
Brotherhood we share all as one.
Keep the fire burning, kindle it with
care,
And we'll all join in and sing.



READER and ASSEMBLY, standing for confession and prayer.

Reader:

We are here

Assembly:

in the name of Jesus Christ.

Reader and Assembly:

We are here because we are men, but we deny our humanity. We are stubborn fools and liars to ourselves. We do not love others. We war against life. We hurt each other. We are sorry for it and know we are sick from it. We seek new life.

Reader:

Giver of life, heal us and free us to be men.

Reader and Assembly:

Holy spirit, speak to us. Help us to listen for we are very deaf. Come, fill this moment.

READER reads Old Testament lesson to seated **Assembly:**

"Behold, the days are coming, says the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel." (Jeremiah 31:31.)

ASSEMBLY and CHOIR, seated, sing Psalm 121, *I Lift Up My Eyes*¹, by Ray Repp:

Refrain:

I lift up my eyes to the mountains.
When will help come to me?
My help is from the Lord my God.
When will help come to me?

Verse:

God, if you love your people,
Don't leave them alone.
Listen to their lonely cries;
Make your power known.

¹Here We Are, I Lift Up My Eyes, and Clap Your Hands, words and music by Ray Repp; and We Long For You, O Lord, words and music by the Rev. Cyril A. Reilly: © copyright 1966 by F.E.L. Publications, Ltd., 1307 S. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60605. Used by permission.





ASSEMBLY and **CHOIR**, standing, sing Psalm 47,
*Clap Your Hands*¹, by Ray Repp:

Refrain:

All you peoples, clap your hands and shout for joy:
The Lord has made all mankind one, So raise your
voices high!

Verses:

All creation shows the glory of the Lord;
The earth proclaims his handiwork; the sky cries out
his Word.
Night and day sing out the glories all about,
So praise the Lord with shouts of joy.

The strength of God is great; he rules from sea to sea,
And all creation knows the might and glory of his deeds.
So every queen and king, join in now as we sing,
And praise the Lord with shouts of joy.

The King of all the earth has made his message known,
That we should offer him ourselves and everything
we own.
We do this by the way we live through every day,
So live each day in peace and joy.

ASSEMBLY and **CHOIR**, standing, sing
*Lord of the Dance*², by Sydney Carter:

Refrain:

Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said he.

Verses:

I danced in the morning / When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon / And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven / And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem / I had my birth.

I danced for the scribe / And the pharisee,
But they would not dance / And they wouldn't follow me.
I danced for the fishermen / For James and John—
They came with me / And the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath / And I cured the lame;
The holy people / Said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped / And they hung me on high,
And they left me there / On a Cross to die.

I danced on a Friday / When the sky turned black—
It's hard to dance / With the devil on your back.
They buried my body / And they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance / And I still go on.

They cut me down / And I leapt up high;
I am the life / That'll never, never die;
I'll live in you / If you'll live in me—
I am the Lord / Of the Dance, said he.



²Lord of the Dance by Sydney Carter: © 1963 Sydney Carter; © 1968 to Galliard, Ltd. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of Galaxy Music Corp., N.Y., sole U.S. agent.





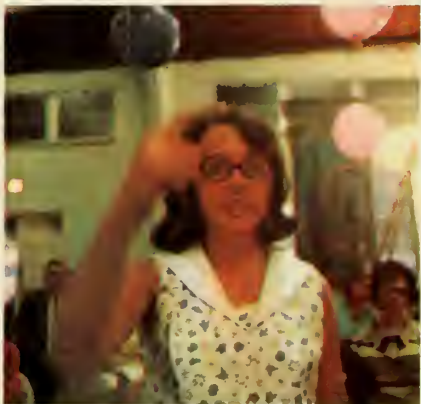
Three Women: Flog them, beat them, kill them if you must. Only a real dead nigger is the kind you can trust.



Narrator: You have no right to call what God has purified unclean.



Man: Hippies.



Third Woman: The three things I can't stand are niggers, intolerance, and Jews.

SINGER sings *He's a Big, Big Man*³ to seated **Assembly** as part of the gospel interpreted:

Refrain:

He's a big man, a living man, Halleluyah.
He's a big, big man, a living man, Halleluyah.

Verses:

Jesus nearer than hands and feet, Halleluyah.
Jesus nearer than breathing.
Come on everybody—sing, sing.

Repent everybody, turn right around, Halleluyah.
Jesus forgives and Jesus saves.
Come on everybody—pray, pray.

Jesus calls you, be baptised, Halleluyah.
Jesus claims you, we are his.
Come on everybody—live, live.

NARRATOR preaches a short sermon, which is interrupted by tirades.

³He's a Big, Big Man: Material taken from the play *A Man Dies*, © Ewan Hooper & Ernest Marvin 1964, by permission of the publishers Darton, Longman and Todd, Ltd., London, W.4.

ASSEMBLY kneels during intercession. Anyone with concerns speaks them.

ASSEMBLY sings, antiphonally, *We Long for You, O Lord*¹, by the Rev. Cyril Reilly:

Verses:

We long for you, O Lord,
We long for you, O Lord,
Come make us one with you in love.
We long for you, O Lord.

We hunger for you, Lord,
We hunger for you, Lord,
Come feed us now with living Bread,
We hunger for you, Lord.

READER, to standing **Assembly**:
Let us say what we believe.

ASSEMBLY:

God has given us a new strategy for life. We are his ministers of reconciliation, different parts of the body of Christ, breaking down every form of discrimination based on human difference. We are his ministers of reconciliation and are called to practice the forgiveness of enemies in our own lives, and to urge to our nation as practical politics the search for co-operation and peace. Because Jesus identified himself with the needy and exploited, the cause of the world's poor is our cause. Jesus Christ is Lord. Amen.

READER to **Assembly** standing for offertory:

"If you are offering your gift at the altar, and there remember that your brother has something against you, leave your gift at the altar and go; first be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift"—Matthew 5:28....After the offering we will turn to the ones on our right and left and say: "Peace, my friend." And they will answer: "Peace."

READER and **MINISTERS** give the "Peace" to representatives of the **Assembly**. They in turn pass it to all the people by means of a handshake.





MINISTER reads to standing **Assembly**:

"I appeal to you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship. Do not be conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that you may prove what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect." (Romans 12:1-2.)

ASSEMBLY, seated, hears the concerns of the church and witnesses the receiving of material gifts.

ASSEMBLY, standing, sings *The Tree Springs to Life*⁴, music by Sam Stone, words by Fred Kaan:

We meet you, O Christ, in many a guise:
Your image we see in simple and wise.
You live in a palace, exist in a shack.
We see you, the gard'ner, a tree on your back.

You choose to be made at one with the earth.
The dark of the grave prepares for your birth.
Your death is your rising, creative your word;
The tree springs to life, and hope is restored.

ALL stand for benediction.

Choir:

All we have and all we do we offer unto you.
May God always be in your mind.
May God always be in your acts.

Assembly:

May we always remember this.

Minister:

Amen.

Assembly:

Amen.

CHOIR sings *What a Great Thing It Is*¹, by Ray Repp, as they walk about shaking hands and wishing all a full and complete life. □



⁴The Tree Springs to Life by Fred Kaan: From Risk, Vol. 2, No. 3, 1966. Published by Youth Department of the World Council of Churches and the World Council of Christian Education. Used by permission.

Tragedy on the muddy banks of a swollen creek wakened the townspeople to the brutal realities of poverty—and the realization that it existed among them.

A Change of Heart

By SHARON DORSEY

IT WAS a fragrant morning in early spring when I returned to the sleepy, little mining town where I was born. I had been away seven years, but as I drove through the narrow streets, I marveled at how much the same they were.

Then two small boys, one white and one black, chased a baseball across the street in front of my car, startling me out of my comfortable reminiscing. In other days the mere presence of these two together here in this neighborhood would have caused anger and resentment. On impulse, I parked my car at the curb, got out, and walked slowly down the street.

Things weren't the same after all. Two housewives, one fair and one dark, chatted companionably in a shiny new Laundromat. In the next block, a dingy "Out of Business" sign hung forlornly on the door of a cheap restaurant which once had catered exclusively to Negroes. Farther down, I paused beside the elementary-school yard to watch children of both races taking turns on the swings and slides. Everywhere, there were signs of progress and serenity.

It had not always been that way. Although our town had never re-

sorted to rioting, I could remember when it was full of smoldering tensions, just waiting for an excuse to burst into flames. And I had done my bit to encourage the unrest.

I was a senior in high school and, like so many of my colleagues, I was positive I had the solution for all the world's problems. We held weighty discussions over hamburgers and milkshakes.

We even went so far as to stage a couple of mediocre demonstrations when we learned that several Negroes were being transferred to our all-white school. Our rebellion was ignored, of course, and it did absolutely nothing to slow or alter the course of history.

The Negro students did join our student body, and after the first few uncomfortable days of our protesting and complaining, they were left pretty much to themselves. They weren't mistreated, just ignored. Then a tragic combination of events threw us together, and when the crisis was over, none of us was quite the same.

I was in history class when a buzz from the intercom and the principal's deep-voiced "May I have your attention, please," brought classwork to a temporary halt. Wondering what

could be important enough to warrant this unusual interruption, we all leaned forward to listen.

"I have just received word that three small Negro schoolchildren are missing between their home and the grade school." The principal's voice continued: "We need several volunteers, preferably senior boys, to help in the search. Any experienced swimmers who are familiar with the Meadow Creek area are asked to report to my office immediately. Thank you."

An excited hum raced through the room. Above it all I heard a loud "Good riddance!" and a couple of answering "Yeah's!" Then we suddenly remembered that one of the new Negro students, a tall, quiet girl named Ruth, was in our class, and there was an uneasy silence. It seemed that every eye in the room sought and finally came to rest on Ruth's defiant face. Without a word, she got up and walked out of the classroom. The hum of voices resumed, this time more subdued. As the teacher tried to reestablish order, most of us found we couldn't meet each other's eyes.

I don't know exactly what made me follow Ruth, maybe a belated sense

of decency, perhaps the thought of my own younger brothers. But whatever the reason, I found myself outside and running down the hall.

"Ruth, wait!"

She half turned, then seeing who it was, walked on saying over her shoulder, "You'd better get back to your friends!"

The contempt in her voice was chilling and, I realized with sudden enlightenment, completely deserved.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry about what happened in there," I panted, catching up with her. "I'm sure they didn't mean . . ."

"Sure they didn't!" she snapped, finally turning to face me.

"I'd like to help."

"Why?" Her face was angry.

"I'm not sure," I told her honestly.

She seemed to weigh my answer before saying in a quiet, controlled voice: "We don't need you."

Nevertheless, when she walked on down the hall, I followed. Six boys were already waiting in the principal's office. I was surprised to see that four of them were white and two were from our history class. Somehow, it was reassuring to know that I wasn't the only one.

The principal, looking strained and haggard, explained: "They are two

girls and a boy, ages six, eight, and nine. They left for school at the usual time, and when they didn't return home for lunch, their mother got worried and called here. They live on the other side of Meadow Creek, and since the flood washed away the footbridge, the father has been bringing them back and forth in a rowboat. We've scoured the woods and along the highway, but so far, there's no trace. I'm afraid there's nothing left but the creek."

Ruth's fists were clenched at her sides. The Negro community in our town was small and close-knit and my heart went out to her. As if reading my thoughts, Ruth met my gaze and I saw the resentment was gone.

"Is there anything we can do?" she asked the principal as soon as the boys had gone.

"Why don't you girls run up to the home-economics department and get the big coffeepot? It's going to be cold in that water."

I don't think any of us was prepared for the scene at Meadow Creek. Most of the townspeople were milling around the area of the washed-out footbridge, while half a dozen weary-looking policemen tried to keep them back out of the way. I'm sure some of the people were honest-

ly concerned and were there because they wanted to help, but the majority had come out of curiosity. I was disgusted to see that the people causing the biggest commotion, even hampering the search, were white. The Negroes were huddled in a little group to one side, forming a protective circle around the mother.

One look at the swollen, turbulent waters swept aside any lingering hope I'd had that the children might be found alive. The boys quickly joined the men who were already probing the murky depths. The mountain stream was icy cold and the men's diving goggles were of little use in the muddy water, but still they kept searching. Every time the swirling water closed around one of them, I prayed.

When an hour had passed without a single clue being found, Ruth and I began to hope that maybe the children really were playing somewhere or were lost in the woods. We sought reassurance from the divers as they took turns emerging from the water to warm their numbed bodies beside a huge bonfire and gulp scalding cups of coffee before going back. In all their eyes we saw the same hopelessness. I couldn't free my own mind from the nightmarish picture



of tiny feet slipping over the side of that muddy embankment.

One by one, the curious began to drift away, convinced the show was over. I could have gone, too. Ruth would have kept the coffeepot going. But I couldn't leave. Maybe I was trying to make up for the callous attitudes of my people or my own blind prejudice; or maybe it was the sad, resigned expression on the mother's face that kept me there. When the sun began to disappear behind the crest of the hills, the men reluctantly decided to give up the search.

Then as we all prepared to leave, a shout echoed from a few yards down the creek and a man came walking towards us, a small burden in his arms. His cheeks were wet with tears. Within an hour, two more small, still forms joined the first on the bank. It was all over.

End of story—or so it would seem. A few tears, a few regrets, and it would have been forgotten by everyone except that little group huddled together on the muddy banks of Meadow Creek. But it didn't end there. Instead, it was the beginning of another kind of story.

The next morning the local paper carried a concerned minister's report. It bared the shocking circumstances

of the family. The father was an unemployed coal miner. He and his wife, and their five other children, lived in a one-room shack where eight children had slept on a straw pallet on the floor. They had taken turns going to school because there weren't enough shoes or warm clothes to go around.

Almost instantly, it seemed that racial differences were forgotten. Food and bedding began to pour into the school principal's office and were ferried across the still-flooded creek in rowboats. Cash contributions came in from far corners of the state. It seemed everyone wanted to help, and it wasn't only the stricken family that benefited but other poor families as well. Overnight, people had become aware of deplorable conditions that had existed much too long. And for once, people stopped talking and began to do something.

The funeral for the children was held in the high-school gymnasium. It was the only building in town large enough to hold all those who wanted to pay their respects. Black and white people sat side by side.

At the end of the service, a dignified Negro woman walked to the front of the hushed room and in a quiet voice explained: "Mine is an

unusual task. I have been asked by the family to express their very sincere feelings. You have made us feel that there is only one race, and that is the human race."

As she sat down, an overwhelming feeling of peace and goodwill descended upon the gathering. I knew I would carry the memory of that moment with me always, and never again would I judge another person by the color of his skin.

I went away to college, and in the exciting process of establishing a life of my own, I lost track of activities in my hometown. Returning, and seeing the two little boys playing together so casually brought it all back—the sympathy, the dedication, the uncertainty as to whether it was really going to last.

My doubts are gone now, swept away by the neighborhood I found that morning. I am sure many circumstances combined to create its atmosphere, just as many experiences, tangible and intangible, have contributed to the formation of my own beliefs about racial equality. But I shall always feel that the change began in a crowded gymnasium when, at least for the moment, the black race and the white race became the human race. □



Unusual Methodists



ROLAND D. SAGUM... *Captain who communicates.*

REFLECTING on his early life in Hawaii, Honolulu Police Captain Roland D. Sagum recalls that many of his boyhood companions ended up in jail. "So did I," he chuckles, "but fortunately on the right side of the bars!"

Hawaii then was far from a tropical paradise for the Sagums' son. His parents, Filipino immigrants, were laborers on the islands' sugar plantations. At an early age he was exposed to the plight of the poor, especially those faced with cultural and language barriers. A strong drive to "make something of myself and be of service to my people, the Filipinos," motivated him to join the police force in 1934. Rapid promotions from his first assignment as a foot patrolman eventually led to his appointment as captain. In 1967 he was named the Honolulu Police Department's first community-relations co-ordinator. His goal: to build bridges of communication and understanding between police and community. "That means," he emphasizes, "meeting people on their own grounds and talking things over in their language."

Educated at night school, he was awarded a scholarship in 1958 and did postgraduate work at the University of Southern California. His many, varied activities have ranged from general chairman of Honolulu's Fiesta Filipina to lay leader of Aldersgate United Methodist

Church. Naming "the city" as his hobby, Capt. Sagum now serves as a director of 16 community organizations. He and his wife Genevieve, high-school classmates, have five children.

When the Hawaiian Government Employees Association named Capt. Sagum "Outstanding Citizen for 1964," they paid him this tribute: "In an age when very few people want to get involved in anything, when moral distinctions become so ambiguous and hazy, we have . . . a police officer, one who is faithful to his commitments to the law of the land and yet very much involved in his concern for people. Our man . . . cares." □

IMAGINE AN ACTRESS at 21 playing the role of a five-year-old girl! Such is the talent of Jennifer Clulow, London's star of stage, screen, and television. Daughter of the Rev. A. Harrison Clulow, a British Methodist minister, her many talents include singing, cycling, and working with children, as well as acting.

At Edgehill College, a Methodist-related school, Jennifer studied dramatics and received a teaching diploma. She then led a girls cycling tour of the play *Everyman* to



JENNIFER CLULOW ... *She shines in many roles.*

local churches. School children have enjoyed her drama classes, and youthful drama clubs have benefited from her instruction. Active in the Methodist church in Barnes, London, her hobbies include cooking, tennis, swimming and, not surprisingly, collecting old theater programs.

A world tour with the Royal Shakespeare Company launched Jennifer's successful acting career. She went on to other roles in dramatic classics and later, to musical comedy. Her television appearances have included leads in several plays and a series, *No Hiding Place*, where she met her actor husband, Michael McStay. For a year she presented a children's program, *Disney Wonderland*. Never reluctant to identify herself as a Christian, she recently was interviewed on television on "what influence my clergyman-father exerted on my life." □

TAKE A YOUNG MAN with ambition and ingenuity, add a duplicator, a typewriter, a dining-room table, and what do you have? The pride of Pewaukee, Wis.: 15-year-old Carl J. Schuppel. Founder and editor of *The Pewaukee Free Press*, Carl single-handedly publishes the town's only local newspaper each Saturday from the



CARL J. SCHUPPEL ... *Pint-sized publisher.*


dining room of his home which doubles as his office.

Now a sophomore at Pewaukee High School, Carl recalls: "Some of my schoolmates thought I was nuts, and potential advertisers and subscribers sometimes laughed me out of their places. But once I got started, I wouldn't give up." Overcoming obstacles is not new to Carl. Born with club feet, he has had more than one experience of corrective surgery.

Since publishing his first one-page issue at a penny per copy on July 29, 1968, Carl has pushed his list of subscribers to 240, and he has a host of regular advertisers. His determination and hard work have afforded him the last laugh as evidenced by his current eight-page issues selling at 5¢ each.

Involved in many other projects, Carl recently was named editor of his school's Spanish newspaper, and he plans to join the school newspaper and yearbook staffs. For spare-time hobbies, he lists photography, chemistry, model railroading, dinosaurs, and—you guessed it—printing. As a family, the Schuppels attend Gethsemane United Methodist Church.

When asked if he had any advice for fellow teen-agers, Carl confided, "I'm going to do an editorial soon on the many opportunities there are for those willing to put their minds to them." □



The Church Is Its People

By W. W. REID

Here is the church
And here is the steeple.
Open the doors
And see all the people.

A CHURCH stands on a half-acre plot at Main Street and Broadway. Or a chapel waits just off the highway in a rural village. Is either serving the purpose for which Jesus commissioned the early disciples or continuing the witness the church ought to be making?

The answer in both cases depends upon what people—whether a large group or a struggling handful—are accomplishing.

Success, if that term can be applied to the Christian quest, cannot be measured by the size of a building or by the statistics that fill annual reports. It can be measured, individual by individual, family by family, group by group, against the goals for which Jesus lived and died and the values by which he triumphed over hatred, injustice, ignorance, and death.

What is the immediate image that comes to mind when you hear the word "church" spoken? Perhaps you visualize the building in which you worship, or some church that has a nostalgic relationship to a childhood long since outgrown.

In the dictionary, I find at least 11 separate but related meanings of "church." So many definitions make for poor communication. But three are of principal concern.

The first and most common meaning of church is a house of worship used by Christian people. A second meaning is a formally organized body of Christian believers worshiping and serving together. And the third is a collective body of Christians in an entire nation or in the whole world.

The first definition has to do with a *building*. The other two have to do with *people*, who may or may not have a need for buildings.

There are congregations of Christians in India, Africa, and elsewhere in the tropics who have no buildings set apart for worship. They meet under trees, in an open courtyard, or in house churches like the congregation which Paul mentions in Philemon's home. In our colder climates, a house set apart for worship seems necessary to our hothouse civilization. But how helpful it might be if the funds and labor used for keeping up a building could be employed for more basic purposes of the church!

Only twice is the word "church" attributed to Jesus. Both cases, recorded by Matthew, have to do with people rather than buildings. In the first case, Jesus says that upon the faith of Peter, his disciple, he will build his church. It is to be built of people, not of bricks. In the second case Jesus suggests that a member of the church is called upon to counsel an erring brother.

Throughout the New Testament, reference to the church is always to followers of Christ in a particular locality. Often a town's Christians met in the home of one of the members. Not one of the early apostles became known as a builder of church structures. Their role was to draw men and women into bands of believers and followers of the way of Jesus.

Sometimes we take too literally such terms of devotion to the church as Timothy Dwight's hymn:

*I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.*

*I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.*

Is this about a building or about people? Dwight knew that God takes no pleasure in walls anymore than he does in burnt offerings. We who sing words must translate them into images of *people*, the object of God's love and concern.

Jesus taught that men might have the life that God intended. He preached the love that God would share with co-operating men. His teaching, preaching, and healing were for the reconciling of God with men, and man with man. His final command to his followers was to preach, to teach, to heal. This still stands as the sole test of the "success" of the individual who considers himself a follower of Jesus, and of a congregation's right to exist, whether gathered in a building on Main Street or under a banyan tree in an Indian village.

The activity of the church, large or small, is not an end in itself any more than the gathering of a student body is an end in itself. School and church are both means of preparing people to do something with the knowledge and the inspiration they share with one another.

If one will think of a church, its organizations, and its services as a school, one can grasp the relationship between the gathered church and the scattered church. The members of the church fellowship gather to gain knowledge and acquire skills that will fit them to go out into the world, live their faith, and serve usefully in the community and the society around it.

Today, two views have polarized the church. One of them says that the church is a comforting, nourishing fellowship of believers and that it ought to stick to its business. The other view says that the church ought to be an aggressive agent of social change. Both of these views are valid. They should not be mutually exclusive, for one without the other is incomplete. This is the importance of the continuing fellowship of the worshipping church. None of its members can go out into the world and give what he does not possess.

The gathered church is like a school, not merely for training its people for the activities of the institution but also for equipping them to scatter out beyond it to serve in the faith of Christ. How well its members work and serve in the world is the measure of regard which men will give to the church.

"Let the church be the church" was the slogan a few

years ago. Like so many slogans, its meaning was not very clear, although many learned magazine articles attempted to explain it. Perhaps its value lies in helping the church to reexamine its institutions in the light of its basic functions. If the church's training schools, homes and hospitals, and its distinctly church buildings are serving the needs of men, women, and children according to Christ's goals, they are not to be decried.

The purpose of the service of worship, including liturgy, hymns, prayers, and sermon, is to lead participants into religiously motivated action. When ritual becomes a mere repetition of words, it becomes meaningless to the worshiper, irrelevant to any needs he may have, and little more than mockery to God.

This is why each congregation needs to voice its own petitions. Its preacher should speak on matters vital to the members and a particular community. Its hymns should be an authentic expression of the worshipers' praise, petition, and desires—not necessarily the songs of their great-grandparents.

What would Jesus do in the face of today's perplexing new problems? The answer is not in any pat reference to Scripture. Jesus did not lay out a code of behavior for every situation that might arise in human history. He did, however, set a moral standard and tone for human conduct from which a man can judge what God requires of him—or of his nation—in the treatment of a fellow human being or another nation.

The actual ways by which the church and its *people* serve must be reinterpreted from year to year and from age to age, depending upon changing conditions in the world. The church does not live apart from the world, but must permeate it as yeast of righteousness, goodwill, and justice. Its role is to leaven the whole range of human life and activity.

The people who comprise the church are both witnesses and servants in the community. The witness made from the pulpit or street corner—the witness of speech—is important and necessary. There is also the silent and often more convincing witness of one's presence, of just being there. One's most powerful witness, however, is through what he does and is in his everyday actions and attitudes at work, at play, at home, in the community.

Deeds can be the most powerful witness a Christian makes. Often, "your actions speak so loud I cannot hear what you say." An act of understanding, a helping hand given in distress or need, the recognition of a bond of brotherhood may lead others to say, "I want to be a Christian like that!"

Years ago, a missionary told of his efforts to have a Chinese scholar become a member of the Christian community. The missionary had many serious talks with the scholar. Finally he put the question, "Will you not accept Baptism and join the church?"

The Chinese smiled in friendly understanding. He said, "You are good because you are paid to be good. If you were bad you would be recalled home. But other 'Christians' in this city beat their Chinese servants; they get drunk and are immoral; they steal from Chinese people. We don't want our children to grow up to be 'Christians' like that!"

Everyone who professes allegiance to Christ and his way is daily witnessing for or against that way, whether he knows it or not. When people of the church take

their religion seriously and try to live according to Christ's teachings, it soon shows in their conduct. If they are careless about their standards, evasive in Christian living, men notice it and have little regard for their faith. It is an area of life in which one cannot be neutral: either you are planting a good seed which can blossom for Christ, or a bad one which will work against him.

When one joins the church, he attaches himself to a community of people, not to a building. He learns from and is trained by the group. His allegiance is to Christ, whose purposes are the church. If the church has a building, a member may be called upon to help keep it in repair, to support its services and its ministry. But principally his loyalty is to the Person whom the church worships and follows.

The revolt in the church today—which varies from country to country and from denomination to denomination—appears to be against an overemphasis on institutionalism, and especially the building surge. It may be a revolt against overritualism and consequent loss of a sense of reality and relevance, or against an overemphasis on costly buildings that by their very grandeur alienate the poor. Not much of a case can be made for great size of either congregation or building in the name of him who had no place to lay his head.

There is much to be said for the simplicity of the small denomination, such as the Society of Friends, whose strength comes from a simple service, deep devotion, and a strong ministry to the underprivileged and exploited. There is appeal, too, in small "cell" groups, in churches large or small, where people give strength to each other's purposes and then go out to serve. The intimacy and common objectives of the cell group help account for much of the rapid growth of this movement in recent years.

We may have come around in a cycle to the place where the cell group—"the church in thy house"—is about to become a chief instrument for achieving Christian purpose. It is possible for one family to have a church within its own home: a group of people earnestly seeking to live the Master's way, a group silently witnessing and ministering in the faith of Jesus Christ.

The existence of such groups does not eliminate the need for larger church bodies and institutions, of course, but it does focus on the fundamental purpose of the church: to be a community of persons gathered for inspiration and learning, leading to service. □



"Then the five men departed, and came to Laish, and saw the people who were there, how they dwelt in security, after the manner of the Sidonians, quiet and unsuspecting, lacking nothing that is in the earth, and possessing wealth, and how they were far from the Sidonians, and had no dealings with any one."

—Judges 18:7

THE TRAGIC STORY of the fate of Laish and its people is easily overlooked, but the spirit and temper of Laish are evident even today. This one verse from the Book of Judges gives us quite a detailed picture of a people who were self-indulgent, a people who were prosperous, a people who were so confident of their own safety that they made no friends. They were a people who were in love with ease and quiet.

Our geographic address may be London or Liverpool, Denver or Detroit, but spiritually we may be living all the time in Laish. By blood and birth we may belong to

A COMMUNITY OF UNCONCERN

By PETER W. TREMBATH

Methodist Circuit Minister, Kidderminster, England

the American race, but spiritually we may be of the kith and kin of the people who dwelt quiet and secure and "had no dealings with anyone."

Laish, in spite of all its attractions, was a poor place to live. Just as physical destruction overtook the people who lived there in careless ease, so moral ruin is sure to overtake us if we try to live lives that are secure and quiet and have no dealings with anyone. To underline this, we might look at the spirit of Laish.

A Life Quiet and Secure

First, Laish is a city of ease and comfort: "Then the five men departed, and came to Laish, and saw the people who were there, how they dwelt in security, after the manner of the Sidonians, quiet and unsuspecting." There are times when all of us would like to be in the same position as the people of Laish. What a relief it would be to us in these days of tension and fear if we could feel quiet and secure. What a relief it would be if life were easier, free from anxieties and worries, and if we didn't have so much struggling and striving.

But we were never meant to live quiet and secure. Do what we will, we cannot keep life that way for life is a precarious business. Whether we like it or not, we have to live dangerously sometimes. We have burdens to bear, anxieties to carry, battles to fight, and tasks to perform that make it impossible to be quiet except by being cowards. The very fact that they lived "quiet and secure" was the ruin of the people of Laish. If they had lived the hard and strenuous life, they might have been able to resist the intruders who came to steal their land. Because they lived lives that were soft and self-indulgent, they fell by the sword. This is a parable for us today.

In one of his New Testament letters, Paul warns us that the soft shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Again and again Jesus stressed that his followers must strive to enter by the narrow gate and must continually take up their cross. If we are not prepared to wrestle and fight and pray, if we are not prepared to endure hardness as good soldiers, then there will be no crown of life for us. We must resist the spirit of Laish. We must be deaf and blind to the temptation to make our lives quiet and secure because this was not meant to be the aim and the end of life. For Christ's sake, we must go into the world to help people with their burdens and their sorrows and their sins, just as Jesus did for our sakes.

Ripe With Prosperity

A second characteristic of Laish is its prosperity, for it was "lacking nothing that is in the earth, and possessing wealth." But prosperity brings great dangers, it encourages selfishness, it binds the prosperous to earth, and it encourages a false sense of freedom.

Prosperity encourages selfishness. It is human to long for more, however much we already have. Enough is always a little more than a man has, someone has said. But Jesus clearly warns about the difficulty a rich man would experience in trying to enter the kingdom of heaven. Riches easily become the dominant interest in life, usurping the place which belongs to God alone. Life can become self-centered instead of God-centered.

Prosperity binds the prosperous to earth. Jesus said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." When everything we desire is of this world, we forget the

world to come. We must take great care not to become so interested in earthly things that we forget heavenly things, and not to become so involved in things that are seen that we forget the things that are not seen. For "the things that are seen are transient, but the things that are unseen are eternal."

Prosperity encourages a false sense of freedom. The wealthy man feels that his wealth entitles him to do as he pleases. It is easy for him to dismiss ethical standards and repudiate authority. But history proves again and again that the surest way of bringing ruin on a community is to throw overboard all ethical restraints and reject all authority. Such a community will crash as Laish crashed, as Greece crashed, as Rome crashed. What is true of a community is also true of an individual. In times of prosperity it is the duty of Christians to uphold moral standards in their own lives and in the life of the community of which they are a part.

Filled With Indifference

A third characteristic of Laish suggested by our text is that it was a city of selfish indifference: "They were far from the Sidonians, and had no dealings with anyone." The people of Laish cultivated friendly relations with nobody. They were utterly indifferent as to what happened to their neighbors. If they had made friends, those friends might have come to their help in their hour of need. As it was, nobody cared for them.

In these days no nation can refuse to have dealings with another nation. God meant us to be members one of another. We are inextricably bound up with one another, and the good of each is the good of all.

What is true of the nations is true also among individuals and classes within the limits of the same nation. We are mutually dependent and we cannot do without one another. One of the most evil attitudes we can take is not to care a straw about what happens to anybody else so long as our own interests are conserved; or not to worry about the troubles of anybody else so long as our own comfort is secure. Jesus made it quite plain that when the Day of Judgment comes, we shall be judged, not on how often we came to church but on how often we helped our fellowman.

So a little story from the pages of the Old Testament speaks volumes to us today. The spirit of Laish—self-indulgent, slothful, selfish, and unconcerned—is the very opposite of the Christian spirit. We see that clearly if we imagine how it would have been if Jesus had acted in that way. Suppose Jesus had dwelt apart in a world of quiet and security, and suppose he had had no dealings with sinful and stricken men. In that case, there would have been no hope for us.

But St. Paul tells us that although Christ "was in the form of God, yet he did not think to snatch at equality with God, but made himself nothing, assuming the nature of a slave. Bearing the human likeness, revealed in human shape, he humbled himself, and in obedience accepted even death—death on a cross. Therefore God raised him to the heights and bestowed on him the name above all names."

And the same glorious name will be ours if we turn our backs on Laish, with its selfish ease, and go forth with our Lord to toil and suffer for men. If we suffer with Him, we shall also be glorified with Him. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Is this an age of disbelief?

✦ Only on the surface. Man was made to believe, and he will believe in something no matter how incredible it may seem. This certainly is an age of radical questioning, but that is not the same as disbelief. Our whole world view has changed. Things that seemed certain 10 years ago are hard to believe now. The foundations seem to be shifting. In all this change, it is easy to say that we live in an age of disbelief.

It would be more proper to speak of our time as an age of questing. When

hundreds of thousands of young people can get in one place for a music festival, they are expressing a deep hunger for something in which to believe.

Dr. George Forell of the University of Iowa School of Religion has said that renewed belief in astrology is an expression of the hope that even the stars care about us. This may be the age when we are expressing the feeling of an ancient seeker: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief" (Mark 9:24 KJV).

What does it mean to 'do one's own thing'?

✦ There are at least two fundamental meanings. One insists upon the integrity of every person. God created us all. We are so much alike that lives can be saved by blood types and transfusions. Yet, we are different enough that no one can really live another person's life. Even identical twins approach certain aspects of life in quite different ways. To use the slang term in this context, "Your thing is not my thing. I am a person, not a rubber stamp. Let me do my own thing."

A second meaning is in reaction

against structures, codes, creeds, and forms. In some religious circles, to do one's own thing is to fashion a worship service which is free, spontaneous, and sometimes unpredictable. Much good is to be found in this phrase if the freedom of the individual does not degenerate into license to do just anything he feels like doing.

We certainly need integrity of person, but this is not the same as random freedom, or rebellion over discipline.

Why has preaching lost much of its relevance?

✦ Two important reasons come to mind. One is that today's generation is more given to questioning authority than to accepting it. Many people look upon preaching as a discourse claiming an authority which they cannot accept. They find it hard to respond to the spoken word based upon a strange, ancient book—the Bible. Well versed in current events, these people feel no need for

a weekly pulpit commentary. Another reason is that the responsibility for relevance in preaching has been placed upon the preacher, and preaching is not a one-man task. The listening congregation is a necessary complement to the inspired preacher. The secret of relevance is response to the spoken word by listening and participation. This is borne out by increased interest in dialogue.

Letters

VIEWPOINT 'NEEDED SAYING'

Congratulations on your Viewpoint, *We Must End Violence*, in the November, 1969, issue [page 22]. It needed saying.

WALTER N. VERNON
United Methodist Board of Education
Nashville, Tenn.

WORSHIPER CAN ENJOY MUSIC HE CANNOT SING

The author of *Wanted: The Real Music of Christmas* [December, 1969, page 22] has succeeded in alienating this organist and music director. He has several misconceptions about the "why" of religious music.

He maintains that he would rather hear *Joy to the World* and other hymns sung by congregations than Bach sung by professional choirs. He is correct in his ideal of individuals worshiping God on a nonprofessional basis, but *Joy to the World* is not exactly a simple hymn. It is a divine expression of joy of Christmas expressed by no less a great composer than Bach's contemporary, Handel.

Bach was a deeply religious man, but his compositions were not aimed for congregational performance. To deny a congregation the Christmas music of Bach would be to deny them an educational and profound experience. It is a mistake to assume that the only music a man can enjoy is that which he can sing.

When a simple hymn-tune composer sets a poem to music, he is attempting to glorify God through his creation. Often he is not successful due to lack of musical ability. When a fine composer (Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn)

composes a composition to the "honor and glory of God" (as Bach prefaced all his music), real communication often is achieved. To deny the professional his right to express the joy and wonder of God would be tragic.

We must have a variety of expressions, some old, some new. Their form is totally unimportant when compared to the message they bring.

JOSEPH O. PERRY, Organist
Beaver Falls United Methodist Church
Croghan, N.Y.

CAN FAMILY LIFE BE TAUGHT BY ANIMALS' MATING HABITS?

I am appalled by the attitude of *Together and The United Methodist Church* on the question of sex education in our schools. [See *Home, School, Church—And Sex Education*, November, 1969, page 12.]

For the past six months I have been checking into the material put out by SIECUS, the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., and I can truthfully say I find it disgusting, degrading, and immoral.

How can children be taught family life through the mating habits of animals? We all know that the male dog and the rooster are the most promiscuous creatures on God's earth.

How can children learn family life in school without a good Christian viewpoint? God is not allowed in our schools, so what teacher will have the gumption to say to the children, "This is God's plan for us"?

I do not belong to any left, right, or middle group, as the United Methodist Family Life Committee seems to imply of all those who oppose sex education. But I am one Christian mother who will do everything in her power to see that SIECUS material is kept out of our schools.

MRS. LOLA SATTERLEE
Broadalbin, N.Y.

IS IT WRONG TO BE EMOTIONAL AT CHRISTMAS?

I feel strongly that the lead article in the December, 1969, issue, *Liberating Christ From Christmas* by Richard John Neuhaus [page 3], is a poor commentary on Christ and Christmas, even if parts of what the author said were true.

Is it wrong to be moved by the account of the birth of Christ? Is it wrong to be inwardly, glowingly, and emotionally moved by the

singing and the words of the Christmas carols? Are these practices, familiar to the majority of United Methodists, more hypocritical and of less "heart" than the celebration of Christmas which was described in *Christmas Is Celebration* [December, page 43], the picture account of members of Washington Square United Methodist Church walking up New York's Fifth Avenue?

The birth of Christ is indeed worthy of celebration and certainly of shoring with those who have or have not heard before. Contrary to Mr. Neuhaus's opinion, Christ is not Lord of the lives of all men, nor indeed is he Lord of all celebrations or feasts.

Is it possible, though, that we are moving into the streets and into the marketplaces when the Lord Jesus Christ has not as yet moved into our own hearts, and is in fact not Lord and Master of our own lives?

Is it possible that the miracle of the birth of Christ is best known within each man's own heart and that His effect upon the world around each of us depends upon what effect He is having in our own lives?

CHARLES H. HART, M.D.
Millersburg, Ohio

SHE ENJOYED EVERY ARTICLE IN DECEMBER ISSUE

I have just finished reading every article in the December, 1969, issue, and I enjoyed every one!

Each article about Christmas was written in a time when we all need to rethink our ideas about what Christmas really is. I hope every reader has been enlightened as much as my husband and I have been.

MRS. JOHN ENGEL
Lansdale, Pa.

INSIDE COVER BETTER

I know I am naive when it comes to modern art, but the picture on the cover of your December, 1969, issue left me cold. I turned to the inside page hoping for some explanation. Nothing.

Why the blue over the figures of the kings? Why the red on the manger? Or maybe this is the bed where Jesus lay after Joseph and Mary moved into the house in Bethlehem. I think a carpenter even in that day could build a better crib than that.

I thought the picture on the inside cover [*Indian Nativity*] was

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much better than the one on the outside. I also liked *A Tibetan Life of Christ* [page 23] better than the front cover.

HAROLD R. HAWLK, Pastor
First United Methodist Church
Belmar, N.J.

'YOUR FAITH' LEADS TO FULLER UNDERSTANDING

Throughout the year I have found Bishop James S. Thomas's *Your Faith* columns interesting, stimulating, and quite worthwhile. They have dealt with the types of serious questions and perceptive answers that lead to fuller understanding of the Christian faith and fuller commitment to one's churchmanship.

I appreciate the time, effort, thought, and talent which Bishop Thomas gives to *Together*.

GRADY L. E. CARROLL
Raleigh, N.C.

We couldn't agree more fully.
—Your Editors

'BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, BUT IT'S UPSIDE DOWN'

On the inside back cover of the December, 1969, issue in the announcement of *Together's* 1970 Photo Invitational, there is a picture of a night-blooming cereus. It's a beautiful picture but it's upside down!

We have such a plant and it had 31 blooms last year. They were all the other way up. Part of the legend about this plant is that it shows the way baby Jesus lay in the manger. You have him falling out!

MRS. ROBERT L. PETERS, JR.
Germantown, Ohio

PASTORS ALIVE AND WORKING IN SPITE OF OUR OMISSION

We read with interest *New Mission Ventures* [November, 1969, page 30] which included a segment [pages 36-38] on Kenai United Parish and, more particularly, on North Star United Church. The pictures were superb and gave a very graphic portrait of that church and its people.

For the benefit of readers who may have wondered what happened to us, however, the following should be noted:

Dr. Meredith Groves and Dr. Robert Nelson no longer are associated with Kenai United Parish. Dr. Groves retired and was

succeeded by the Rev. A. C. Wischmeier as superintendent of the Alaska Mission. Dr. Nelson moved to Fairbanks to become campus minister at the University of Alaska. He was replaced by Robert Bowers. The work at North Kenai, in which Dr. Nelson served as part-time interim pastor, was taken over by James Fellers.

John Walther has served the Soldotna end of the Kenai United Parish since the summer of 1968. For some reason your article failed to mention him.

The three of us just want the home folks to know that though your article did not mention us, we are indeed here and working as hard as we can to make this the spearhead of the ecumenical movement in Alaska.

ROBERT D. BOWERS, Pastor
The Church of the New Covenant
Kenai, Alaska

JOHN H. WALTHER, Pastor
Soldotna United Methodist Church
Soldotna, Alaska

JAMES R. FELLERS, Pastor
North Star United Church
North Kenai, Alaska

Our apologies to Pastors Bowers, Walther, and Fellers for omitting their names from the New Mission Ventures text. Our effort to confirm facts in the article prior to publication proved unavailing.—Editors

NORTH CAROLINIANS HAD HAND IN MISSION VENTURE

I was most pleased to see the article *New Mission Ventures* in the November, 1969, issue. I was especially interested in the chapel trailer at North Kenai, Alaska.

In February, 1966, I was chosen by the Methodist Board of Evangelism to go on a mission to Alaska. It was an experience I will always cherish. Upon my return, I wrote Dr. Meredith A. Groves, then superintendent of the Alaska Mission, suggesting a chapel trailer for some possible location. Dr. Groves was much interested, and following correspondence with him, I talked with Dr. Horace McSwain, executive secretary of the Western North Carolina Annual Conference Board of Missions.

Dr. McSwain readily saw the possibility involved and instructed me to direct Dr. Groves to purchase a chapel trailer. The Western North Carolina Conference paid for the trailer through Advance Specials, and many of the churches in which I spoke added contributions to the cost.

It was most gratifying to see in *Together's* article the progress being made in North Kenai.

L. DONALD ELLIS, Pastor
Main Street United Methodist Church
Kernersville, N.C.

NO SUPERFLUOUS PHRASES

Thank you for Eldridge F. Trott's interesting, informative, and challenging article, *A Middle-ager in the Middle of Campus Unrest* [November, 1969, page 26]. I read it from "kiver to kiver." I wanted to find words, phrases or sentences which could be omitted. I could not!

I congratulate Mr. Trott and *Together* for this report. We need more such.

WILLIAM H. VEALE
New Haven, Conn.

LIKES MR. TROTT'S APPROACH

I very much appreciated the article by Eldridge Trott concerning unrest at the Berkeley campus. I am an expatriate Californian and graduate of the University of California in Berkeley. I have been following, with fury, the state government's methods of dealing with the problems there. How much better things would be if they would approach the situation with the open mind that Mr. Trott has!

MRS. DONALD E. PAUL
Acton, Mass.

ALL UNITED METHODISTS SUPPORT 'LARGEST PARISH'

Your picture and narrative portrayal of Jim Sloan's work in *The Largest Parish* [November, 1969, page 3] is excellent. But I am sorry you did not tell United Methodists how they participate in this type of project through their World Service and Advance Special giving.

The implication is that the program is largely the work of the Utah Council of Churches. This is not true. The program is the work of the National Division of the Board of Missions—almost totally financed

by the National Division—and is the outgrowth of work done by the Women's Division under leadership of Miss Ada Duhigg and Miss Mildred May. These two gallant ladies traveled that long Utah circuit with a house trailer for several years prior to Jim Sloan. They were sent to the field, as Jim was, under the program known as Church and Community Workers, largely supported by Women's Division funds and now by both Women's and National Divisions. WSCS units and local churches all over the nation make this type of work possible.

Mr. Sloan is one of 90 Church and Community Workers serving in virtually every state, each with a special and important assignment.

HAROLD S. HUFF, Exec. Secy.
Dept. of Town and Country Ministries
United Methodist Board of Missions
New York, N.Y.

SMALL FRY PAGES MISSED

We would like to know why you did not have the usual *Together With the Small Fry* pages in the October and November, 1969, issues. My two daughters enjoy these articles and look for them each time the magazine comes.

MRS. GILES JACKSON
Essex Junction, Vt.

Our apologies to Mrs. Jackson's girls and to other youngsters who missed the Small Fry pages which were crowded out of the two fall issues. The feature has reappeared and is in our planning for several months which lie ahead.—Editors

GOD'S WORD, NOT MAN'S, IS THE SOURCE OF HOPE

Nowhere in Duane D. Hutchinson's article *What About Salvation?* [November, 1969, page 23] do I see a scriptural reference or quote. If we as Christians are going to go into all the world and preach the gospel, we must take God's Holy Word, the Bible.

"So faith comes from what is heard, and what is heard comes by the preaching of Christ," says Romans 10:17. In order to have salvation and eternal life, we must accept the gift God has given to every man. Whether he accepts it or not is up to him.

I pray that the person who came to Pastor Hutchinson "wanting to talk about salvation" some day will hear what God says about his salvation, not what man says.

I am no longer a Methodist but just a Christian, and I praise God for the people who preach the word of God with authority and power. Your magazine has such a marvelous opportunity to reach thousands of people with the word of God. How much more hope for the lost there is in that than in the words of men!

MRS. MARIUM CLARE
Anchorage, Alaska

CARSON TV SPECIAL: 'USUAL UNWHOLESOME RUBBISH'

I must protest vigorously the recommendation in your November, 1969, TV & Films department [page 9] of the Johnny Carson TV Special show on November 12.

It didn't require much listening to Johnny's regular nightly shows to convince me that I didn't care (to put it mildly) for his type. Therefore, he long has been on my personal "off" list. But when I found that Mr. Poindexter had recommended this particular show, I decided to tune in to learn whether it would be any different from his usual run of puerile antics and dirty,

unwholesome rubbish. It was not.

Good acting? Yes, but is that the only standard The United Methodist Church upholds? Every one of the acts composing this show, save one, portrayed drinking and in one, gross drunkenness. Furthermore, it was loaded with filthy sex.

Can't we have comedy without alcohol and sex? If not, then why can we not expect that our church magazine not recommend such trash?

LEE N. GISH
Augusta, Kans.

WHOLE FAMILY APPRECIATIVE

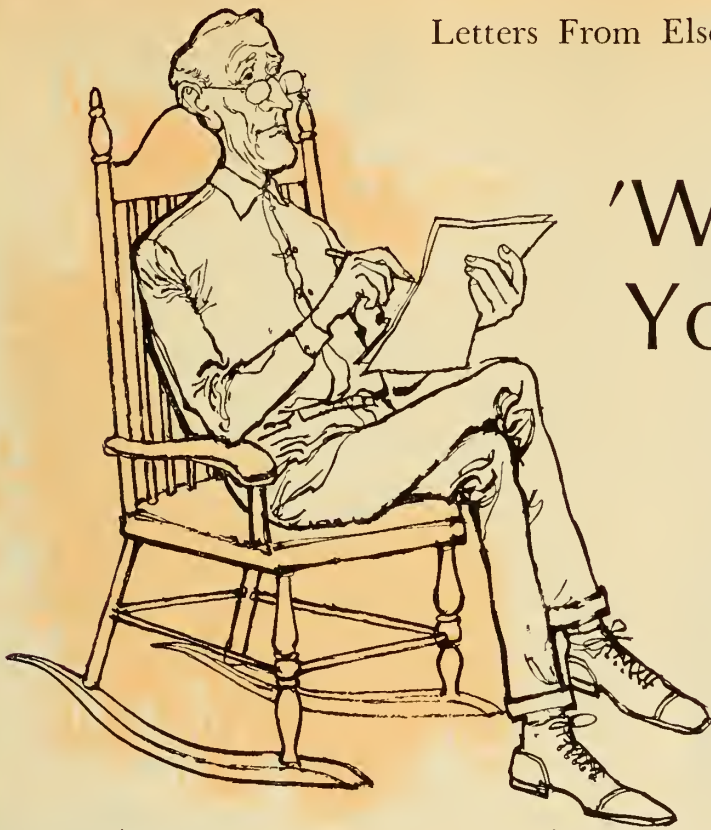
I am a retired United Methodist minister who should be saying thank you more often than I do. So here comes a thank you sincerely for putting together a wonderfully fine church magazine like *Together*. Our whole family enjoys it, including our teen-age daughter who is a sophomore at Miami University in Ohio. She is thrilled with it again and again.

H. C. JEFFERS, Retired Minister
College Corner, Ohio

The Inner Man by Paul R. Behrens



"Being a hippie may be great, but man! I sure miss Mom's chocolate cake."



'Well, Sometimes You Take Things too Literal, Hegbert'

Dear Bishop:

I wont come out right flatfooted, your honor, and say that the chm. of our Bord of Trusties drew his gun on me, and that my preacher Bro. Viktor was an axesory to the fact, but you can make up your own mind when I tell you what happened yesterday p.m. in my south 40. For 1 thing I am confined to my rocking chair with a lame leg as a result of what transparred, and therefour am sufering physicaly as well as mentaly.

It all started about 6 mos. ago when Bro. Viktor rared back 1 rainey Sunday morning and shouted about all us in the Elsewhere U.M. Church, of which I was a member in good standing until yesterday, sitting around in the bleachers while big things was going on out in the field of social action.

"Let us feed the hungrey, put clothes on the poor, comfort the sick and bereeved!" he deklared in a loud voice, hiting the pulpitt so hard that one of the figgers got knocked off the Attendance and Col-lection Last Sunday bord on the north wall and everybody luffed when they seen that onley \$0.03 was put in the plates when they was past last Sunday.

Bro. Viktor said they was people on welfair right hear in Elsewhere, eking out a bear Xistence, altho the Clide Harkins family is the onley

ones I know personal which is on relief. It was hard for me to go home to Sunday dinner and clean my plate thinking about Clide and his woman Emma and their 7 kids who go around bear footed until it begins to frost down hear.

"Momma," I said to the little woman who has stood at my side thru thick and thin for more than 40 years, "baskit me up that Xtra chicken and a slab of that side meat and 12 of them biskits and when I am full I will mosey over to the Harkins place to feed the hungrey. My consunce is ruint and I cant enjoy my Sunday nap on the couch before the bawl game comes on between the Falkons and the cowboys on the tv."

When I rode up, old Clide was siting out on the porch of his shack smoaking and he said: "I wish to Xpress my apreciation Hegbert but we has just et, however, if you will place the baskit inside the door I will be much obliged and if it aint spoiled by tomorrow or the next day we will put it on table."

So Mr. Bishop, your imminence, I went back to Bro. Viktor whom you have apointed 4 times down hear which some thinks is 3 times too many altho I do not necessarily shair their opinion, or didn't until yesterday. I told Bro. Viktor I couldnt find no hungrey people, and that when I made a sick call on Grannie Glover

she had taken a suden turn for the best and had flew off to Frisco to visit one of her youngins.

"Well," said Bro. Viktor, "Some-times you take things too literal Hegbert. They is more to social action and consern than mets the eye. Tell you what, I will write our Bord for some literature."

It wasnt long after that I begun to get the literature and a lot of it was about this gun control legisla-ture. Then somebody invited me to join the national counsil for a responsible Far Arms Policy. And I was told to circulate petishuns, send out chainleters, and to write my local paper altho we dont have no local paper hear, the nearest being the Weekly Clarion in the county seat for which I am local corespondant and am awarded a free anual suscription.

Soon as my leter come out in the Clarion some very unfriendly replies come to me without no signature but I figgered they was from the same people who wasnt speaking to me no more. Most of them was people dressed in boots, duck hunting hats and shotgun vests, and some was being lead around by hound dogs.

I tell you I was almost drove out of my mind. My chain leters was coming back on me, and about this time they was a lot of mail from the National Rifle Assoc, and someone in the nite stuck a sign on my bumper which said that when guns is out-lawed only outlaws will have guns.

Things was getting so bad I figgered I had better get away from

it all for a few days and go out to my old farm to burn a little brush, which now brings me to what I started to tell you, your highness.

I was going around from brush pile to brush pile with a big stick of flaming pine to light the far when I herd a couple of guns go off down by the creek. I run down their and who do you Xpect it was but Bro. Viktor and the Bord chm.

They was shooting at rabbits.

"Halt!" I hollered in a loud voice which must of scarred the daylightes out of the Bord chm. for he jumped about 8-foot in the air, and his gun went off with a boom that made me jump and sort of acidently drop the flaming peace of pine in his general direction.

"What are you trying to do?" the chm. ast in a loud screaming voice. "Set me or the woods on far?"

When he said that he waved his

gun Xcitedly at me and I had to dodge when he kicked the pine stick back at me. It missed and landed over in a growed up field which I am being paid for by the U.S. government for not planting nothing on.

"What are you so Xcited about Hegbert?" Bro. Viktor ast, also pointing his gun in my direction. "We onley come to pick up a rabbit diner or 2 as you have so often invited us to do out hear on your land."

"Well, things is changed," I said. "Guns is among the most dangerous of weapons and shud not be in the hands of the criminal minded or mentally unstable."

Well, that might of sealed my doom, and I wood not be hear today if Bro. Viktor and the chm. had not had their atention diverted by the growed up field which was being consummed by a rampaiging far. Everbody had to run for their lives,

and I tripped over a stump and hurt my leg and havent seen the chm. or Bro. Viktor since.

Now what would you do Mr. Bishop if you was in my place? Is it unlawful for both a preacher and the chm. of a Bord to point a gun in the direction of a member of their own congregashun, if that is what they did and it can be proved in court? Is it a crimnul offence for a official of the United Methudist church to kick a peace of flaming pine out into a growed up field, thus comiting arsen on property you are being paid for by the U.S. of A. not to grow nothing on?

I think somebody ought to be sued, which I am more than half a mind to do if they is any grounds for a crippled-up man to do it on.

Sinsereley yours,

H. Clutter

Social Conserns Chm.

WITHIN hours after a sensational crime of violence that had shocked the community, police arrested scores of vagrants and other suspects for questioning. Among them was a young man named Bliss Thompson. His general appearance, height, and even the dark suit he wore fitted the description given by a witness who had glimpsed the fleeing criminal.

Thompson had arrived in the city only several days before the crime, and he had neither a job nor money. He maintained that he had been alone in his cold and cheerless room at the time the crime was committed.

Thompson was taken before a police judge (whom we shall call Lawson) and charged with vagrancy, so he could be held in jail until sufficient evidence could be built up against him to charge him with the crime.

Questioning by Judge Lawson did not shake Thompson's story. Finally the judge asked, "What were you doing at that time?"

"Reading my Bible," he said.

Derisive laughter broke out in the crowded courtroom. Admitting later that he himself had been floored by that answer, the judge demanded that Thompson state what part of the Bible he had read.

"One of the Epistles of Paul to

the Corinthians," Thompson replied. Pressed by Judge Lawson, he outlined the content of the book in considerable detail.

The judge, not familiar enough with the Bible to know whether Thompson was telling the truth, asked if anyone present could attest to the accuracy of the quotation. No one spoke up. The judge called for a Bible—but, alas, there was none in the courtroom. A policeman was sent to buy one.

When the Bible was delivered, Judge Lawson confidently opened it to Genesis, then leafed through to Psalms. Where was Corinthians? He challenged Thompson to find the place. The latter turned instantly to the right chapter. Scanning several passages, Judge Lawson knew that Thompson had told the truth.

Within a few days, Thompson's innocence was established by other means. Judge Lawson later helped him find employment, where Thompson advanced to positions of trust.

A Bible has a prominent place in that courtroom today. With twinkling eyes, the judge told me:

"If ever another man wishes to establish an alibi based on having read a certain book of the Bible, I'll not look for Corinthians in the Old Testament—for I have read the Book from cover to cover." □



HIS INCREDIBLE ALIBI

By JOHN W. AMES

Films & TV

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S last novel, *The Reivers*, was published just one month before his death in July, 1962. It is one of his minor works, certainly not of the stature of *The Sound and the Fury*, *Sanctuary*, or *Light in August*. But of all his fictional portrayals of "Yoknapatawpha County," Mississippi, perhaps *The Reivers* is the best suited for translation into a mass-audience motion picture.

Faulkner's themes of guilt and man's depravity still persist in *The Reivers*, but here he enjoys himself more, bouncing around the dirt roads of northern Mississippi in a final touching up of the saga of "Jefferson," which, it cannot be denied, is really his native Oxford, Mississippi.

Director Mark Rydell has elected to stay with Faulkner's happier side in his film, but thanks to a faithful translation of Faulkner prose, the sense of sin remains. The movie stars Steve McQueen as Boon Hogganbeck, a single-minded hired hand who persuades young Lucius McCaslin to steal his grandfather's new 1905 Winton Flyer and take off for Memphis. Earlier attempts at putting Faulkner on film have all been failures because previous directors have ignored Faulkner's vision and picked up on his sordid plots. Director Rydell tells his film as the book was written, through the eyes of 11-year-old Lucius, played with sensitivity and a refreshing absence of cuteness by Mitch Vogel. The result is a boy's growing awareness of the possibility of "sin"—not the usual external misdeeds but the sin of failing to live up to the trust placed in him by his elders.

For Faulkner, the Southerner grew up under the burden of guilt, partly because he was human and, therefore, corrupted by original sin but also because he lived in a region that had suffered through the destruction of a Civil War and the further debasement of Reconstruction. Rydell wisely avoids probing too deeply into this fundamental theme, but he touches it gently in Lucius' conflict between wanting to run away to Memphis and his recognition that he is violating his family's trust. In a sensitive confrontation between the boy and his grandfather, Lucius discovers that his mistake will never disappear but will remain with him, forcing him to join all other men in learning to live with his humanity.

The trip to Memphis takes Lucius into a house of ill repute—earning the film a justifiable M (mature) rating—but through the boy's eyes this experience shifts from passion to compassion for the young girl in the house who eventually marries Boon. Rydell's skill is also apparent in the precision of his editing. No scene is wasted, and each new revelation springs upon us without padding or unneeded preparation. For example, Lucius' sins finally catch up with him when his grandfather appears at a horse race, not searching frantically, or saying anything, but just standing there, leaning on his cane, personifying the judgment Lucius knew had to come. In his second feature film (following *The Fox*) Rydell has given us the best Faulkner to appear on screen, and certainly one of the most sensitive films of the year.

—James M. Wall



Reivers Boon, Ned (Rupert Crosse), and young Lucius head for Memphis.

OTHER FILMS OF INTEREST

Tick, Tick, Tick (G)—A predictable but entertaining account of a black man elected sheriff of a Mississippi county. Jim Brown, as the new sheriff, gives his best performance. Director Rolph Nelson (*Lilies of the Field*) oversimplifies racial tension by having a perfect black man join forces with imperfect whites to overcome the white baddies. Trouble is, the baddies are so bad that their de-

fect means little. Not so good as *In the Heat of the Night*.

The Sterile Cuckoo (R)—Sensitive portrayal of a young college girl whose desire for affection engulfs her boy friend in a relationship he can't resist. Liza Minnelli, looking very much like her mother, Judy Garland, gives a strong performance as the homely girl with aggressive techniques.

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

January 21, 9-10 p.m., EST on NBC—Frier's Club roast of Jack Benny with Spiro Agnew, Johnny Carson, and George Burns.

January 25, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*The Mirror and the Mirore*. A documentary of British artist Graham Sutherland.

January 27, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Ringling Brothers, Bornum and Boile Circus*.

January 27, 10-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*CBS Reports: Decline and Fall of the Public Schools*.

January 29, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—Lawell Thomas and *The Search for Stone-Age Man*.

January 31, 10:30-11:30 a.m., EST on NBC—*Children's Festival* at Lincoln Center.

February 1, 4-5 p.m., EST on NBC—Religious Special.

February 4, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Lost of the Westerners*.

February 4, 9-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*Broadway 1970*. (With the shortage of plays, this may end up as *Movies 1970*.)

February 6, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NBC—Hallmark Hall's *A Storm in Summer* by Rod Serling. Stars Peter Ustinov.

February 10, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*National Geographic Special: Wild Rivers*.

February 11, 9-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*Ice Capades*. Host is Larne Greene.

February 13, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Survival on the Prairie*. Host is Hugh Downs.

February 15, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Sweet Lord of Liberty* with Mr. Magoo.

February 17, (time to be announced), on NBC—*Mon Hunters*. Attempts to unravel mystery of the origin of man. □

Teens

By DALE WHITE

IT WAS a weird scene. Well-scrubbed kids from middle-class America talking at 3 a.m., in Trafalgar Square, London, to a rather wild-looking group of hippies. We were a United Methodist group from Alabama on our way to the Soviet Union. Hearing that Trafalgar Square was home to the elite of British hippies, we decided to drop in for a chat.

They talked eagerly about religion. With the greatest of sincerity and not a little self-righteousness, they declared that religion had gone out of the churches in Britain. The churches, they said, are spiritually dead. In making this judgment they were not talking about religion as Christian mission, or ministry to the world, or religion as careful theological thought about life. They were mourning the lost sense of *mysticism*, the vivid, dramatic awareness of the presence of the almighty God.

With missionary zeal these unkempt young men and women announced their rediscovery of the mystic visions of the medieval saints. Under LSD and other drugs, they said, they had come to know the ecstasy of unity with the infinite cosmic Spirit. They knew drugs were dangerous, but they were willing to risk their nervous systems to prove that God is not dead.

Is drug mysticism cricket? That is what we wanted to ask our London hosts. Can you *really* get instant religion from the magic sugar cube, or rainbow-colored pills? They insisted that the ancient Christian mystics tampered with their nervous systems by fasting and going without sleep so why shouldn't modern seekers do it the chemical way?

Drug use among teen-agers in our country has grown to epidemic proportions. It has jumped from the ghettos to middle-class com-

munities, and spread from campuses to high schools. Fortunately, most kids know that LSD can tear up your brain, and that "speed" kills. They have no wish to "main-line" it with heroin or other hard narcotics. But a growing minority are "turning on" with marijuana and alcohol. Can they be subconsciously searching for a vision of God? Can they be seeking refuge from a secular, mechanistic age which has drained life of mystery and awe and emptied our spirit of the ability to soar?

Where does a Christian look for a spiritual experience? Perhaps Sue can give us some clues. Sue (not her real name) came to speak at our church from a self-help rehabilitation center for drug addicts. Sue is a beautiful girl, and a trained nurse. In the terrible depths of her addiction, she was selling her body and stealing life-saving drugs from patients in order to support a \$120-a-day habit. Now she was well on her way out of the pit.

Someone asked Sue whether drugs were the way to a mystic sense of God's presence. She replied:

"At our rehabilitation center we have found that only one thing can save us. We have to be a Christian community, even though we do not have the trappings of the church.

"We can be saved only one way. We have to spill our guts to one another. The thrill of being truly honest with another human being

is more vivid than a fix or a trip. Letting go the layers of armor which protected your tender ego, and standing there spiritually naked with everybody looking, and knowing they see through you and still love you, that's mystery.

"Starting out cleaning lavatories at our center and having to earn through your own sweat every single ounce of privilege, and feeling the stress mounting up inside you until you are ready to burst, then reaching out to another human being and finding him really *there*, for *you*, and knowing you can ride out the stress—that's mystery, and that is our solution."

Sue helps us to see the standard by which a Christian judges all claims to religious experience. If a London hippie says, "I saw God under LSD," we want to ask, "But did you see God as we know him in Jesus Christ?" Jesus was a mystic, but he put all religious experience to a hard test: the test of love.

Jesus said that we find God, not by seeking technicolor visions in some desert or some pot party but by giving ourselves to a way of life, by living out there with and for people, by being a responsible member of a caring community, by leveling with God and one another.

To us, religious experience is shallow and irrelevant unless it feeds into and leads out of a committed Christian life. Trying to become a saint by taking a drug is like trying to become an adult by sneaking a cigarette.

Qa

I'm not a teen anymore, but I've read *Teens* ever since I can remember, and I need your advice. My problem is that I'm in love with a girl my age, 22. She has been married before and has a five-year-old boy. She is a great girl, a good Christian, and a wonderful mother, who loves her son very much. She realizes her mistake and regrets it now with all her heart. She is very mature and intelligent. She feels as though society resents her because of her past, and thinks they all look down on her.

My problem is that I want to tell my father about her. He is a United Methodist minister. I'm afraid he will be disappointed in me. I don't know what he or the others will think of me. Can you give me an idea what to do? Shall



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She Needs Your Love...

Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance... her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help?
A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?
A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In

fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Hong Kong, Philippines and Thailand. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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You may obtain HORMONEX Beauty Serum at your favorite drug or toiletry counter.

I tell him, or just forget about her? She thinks she will always have this one big obstacle in her future life, and that no one will ever want her.—J.B.

If she is everything you say she is, and you love her and want her, then why not let your folks meet her? Surely they are big enough to see her maturity and sincerity. Your father should be the first to understand that out of suffering new depths of character often emerge.

If your father continues to raise serious questions after getting to know her, the yellow light of caution goes on. Then at least you might want to hesitate long enough to talk with a trained counselor a few times, just to make sure you have thought everything through.



I am a girl, 17, a senior in high school. My problem is boys. Well, not really. No boys is my problem.

Until my sophomore year, I had a weight problem. Then I went on a diet. I lost 64 pounds. I went from nearly 200 lbs. to 135 lbs. I felt great! My mom bought me a new wardrobe that summer when we went to Florida. I've kept at that small weight for almost two years.

I'm a senior this year, but I can't seem to attract any boys. I've been on a date once, a dance in my junior year. I don't want to fall in love with any boys, but at 17 years of age, I'm not sure I even know how to talk to them!

I'm not all backward. I'm in several clubs at school. I always speak to everyone I see. My biggest outside activity is being a band member. Why do I have such a hard time finding boys?—P.N.

I wish I knew. Some girls go through high school without a date, only to become the belle of some college campus. Others hardly ever date, but end up marrying a wonderful guy in spite of everything. So many chance combinations of time, place, and personal qualities interact to decide these things.

The no-date syndrome is usually painful, but hardly ever fatal, believe it or not. It tends to cure itself in time. Meanwhile, you can get out where the action is as much as possible. Learn to talk with boys in mixed groups, such

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as band and UMYF. Work with your girl friends to throw an occasional party. Get to the open dances. Some unsuspecting boy might find himself getting to like you in spite of his bachelor instincts.



Since my return from church camp, I've been viewing life quite differently. Before, it made little difference whether the Lord existed at all. He never seemed to be necessary in my life, and my basic reason for attending church was to sing in the choir.

At camp I gave and received much love. It came through people, but I believe that God had something to do with it.

Now I am a happier person and I've even begun to pray again! I find it easier to love those around me, and at church I listen in earnest. But something is missing: I can't find the Lord. People are easy to love because they are tangible, but how can I love the Lord when I don't feel that I know him? How can I find him and where do I begin to search? I think I am ready; if someone would just point me in the right direction.—D.M.

If I understand the New Testament, it says to quit running around trying to find God. Just give your life in service to some neighbor's need, and He will find you.

When we give ourselves over to a serving and caring way of life, we soon see the need to unite with other caring persons in a community of concern. We will fail, and we will hurt. Reaching out to God and our fellow Christians for help and reassurance, repentance and rejoicing, we just may discover in some thrilling moment that His Spirit has found us. Let *him* decide when and how to reveal himself.



I have just turned 17 and I feel I have a normal life for my age. I get along real well with my parents, and I know that any time that there was something wrong I could depend on my mother and father for help.

My only problem is that I'm a tomboy. There isn't any other way to put it. I ride horses and work on the farm where I live. I love every

Looking to Easter



EASTER: A PICTORIAL PILGRIMAGE

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minute of it, and I wouldn't trade farm life for anything. Guys ask me out and call me, but I honestly don't have time to date. The boys that ask me out probably think I'm crazy, but I don't seem to care.

I've been thinking that if city kids who are causing so much trouble would live and work on the farm for awhile, they would not have time to cause trouble.—S.K.

Maybe you are right. Some sociologists say it is bad for kids, especially boys, to have no solid, hard work they can put their muscles and minds to doing. The rural communes to which so many alienated youth are flocking now seem to be a desperate search for the dignity of wrestling one's existence from the soil. Some say these colonies are just drug cults. But close observers see them as a turning away from drugs. Lots of young people who have been "turning on" now see the drug scene as a dead-end drag. They are looking for something better in the simplicity of honest, hard work for survival.

But is it practical to talk about young people moving back to the land? Our society is becoming more urban every day. I find a lot more value in programs to help youth learn the satisfaction of honest labor where they live. I think we should expand the work-study programs such as the Neighborhood Youth Corps, make lots more summer jobs available, increase manpower training programs, and enlist young people in neighborhood improvement work.

Come to think of it, though— isn't the work of being a good student an honest and dignified vocation? Mankind doubled its knowledge in the past 10 years or less. If we are going to give ourselves in meaningful work these days, we must first spend years in the struggle for mental and technical skills.



I am a girl, nearly 16. My problem is one with which I am sure I'm not alone. My father is an alcoholic and has been for four years. His problem has wasted much money that we don't have to spare, and caused us a lot of unhappiness. I think it hurts my mother the most, but it has affected me, too. He fits all the symptoms of an alcoholic. The person I admired and adored has become a stranger to

me and to everyone else. He is making a nervous wreck out of my mother, and I am depressed most of the time. Besides that, it is hurting my little sister, also.

Dad has had two car accidents without anything serious happening, but this can't go on much longer. He won't get any help for himself because he doesn't really want any. I know that you can't help someone who won't try to help himself, but is there any way I can help him?—S.P.

It will be difficult for you to help him all by yourself. Family members are often tied into the emotional web which has trapped the alcoholic. They seldom have much personal control over their reactions to him or his problem. Regular attendance at Al-Anon family group meetings could help you and your mother to talk through your feelings, to understand your father better, and perhaps to spot some mistakes you are making in your relationship to him. Look in the telephone book for the Alcoholics Anonymous or Al-Anon number.

It has long been assumed that alcoholics must hit bottom before they can be helped. Today new methods are being developed to encourage the alcoholic to surrender to his need for help much earlier in the course of the illness.

One promising method goes like this: After some disturbing crisis, such as an automobile accident or arrest, the judge, the employer, family members, and the pastor all get together and confront the alcoholic with the gravity of his situation. They offer their love and support, but they make it plain that they will not tolerate his continuing on his present course. They give him no choice but to enter a rehabilitation program. They do not reason with him. They simply announce what he must do and how it is to be done. Often this confrontation can break down the neurotic defenses and cause the alcoholic to admit he needs help.

For materials on the problem, write to Dr. Thomas E. Price, Board of Christian Social Concerns, 100 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068.
—Your Editors

BOOKS

THE FEAR of death that Charlie Ann Mendez expresses elsewhere in this issue [page 23] is a universal human fear, and it is intensified by our present-day custom of taking the very sick out of their familiar environment and rushing them off to the hospital to be surrounded by the apparatus and impersonality of modern medical treatment.

Then if someone really is dying, communication barriers may spring up between him and his family, and even between him and his doctor. We live in a death-denying culture, and we have no language with which to discuss the taboo subject of death.

In the fall of 1965 four Chicago Theological Seminary students asked Elisabeth Kubler-Ross for help in understanding how people approach the crisis of death. Dr. Kubler-Ross, assistant director of the University of Chicago Hospitals' psychiatric consultation and liaison service, set up a seminar to try to find out. Contrary to many predictions, interviews held in the course of the seminar revealed that dying patients want to talk about their anxieties, fears, and wants, and doing so may give them great relief.

On Death and Dying (Macmillan, \$6.95) is Dr. Kubler-Ross's absorbing summation of what the dying have to teach doctors, nurses, the clergy, and their own families. Written in nontechnical language, it presents a strong and hopeful case for the benefits that can be gained when someone who is dying is invited to share his experience instead of being isolated and avoided.

There will be a new family pet in the year 2000 . . . he or she will be a computer. Cash will disappear . . . your fingerprint will be your credit card. There will be primitive artificial life, blanket immunization against infectious diseases. . . .

These are some of the predictions that show up in **Rock 2000** (Abingdon, \$2.75), a with-it consideration of what things may be like at the turn of the 21st century.

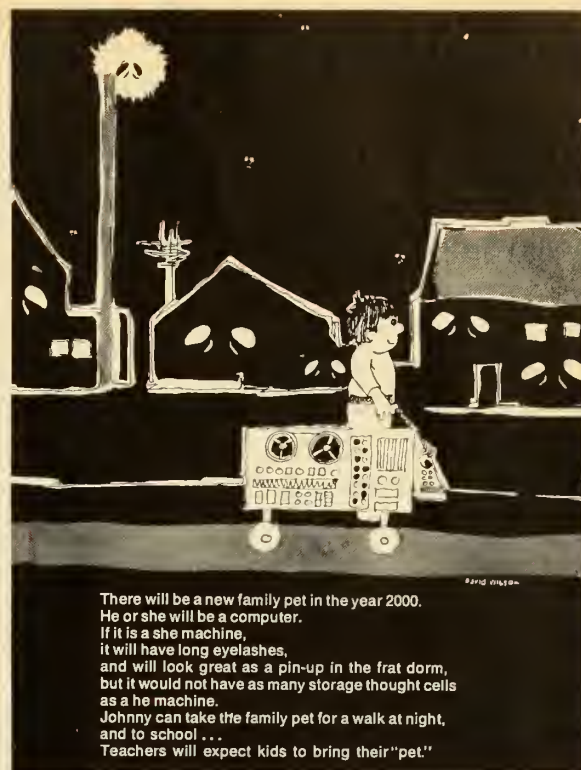
This fragmented, cryptic paperback by Hiley H. Ward was inspired by a recent conference for youth leaders that the Division of Youth Ministries of the National Council of Churches sponsored. Both Protestants and Roman Catholics took part.

"There is much in this book not on the surface," Ward says. "This will be part of the challenge, we hope."

Rock 2000, incidentally, refers to the rock called earth on which man makes his precarious home, not to the sound made by successors to the Beatles. Very mod, it is the kind of book that turns me off in a few pages. But I am over 30.

Eleanor Quin was a mischievous little redhead who grew up and became a nun who could make speeches that made people laugh—and contribute money. On the way she held a number of jobs, including a promising one as a copywriter for a Madison Avenue advertising agency.

When she became a postulant in 1951, convent



Computers already seem alive in their foibles, so David Wilson's cartoon for *Rock 2000* could be prophetic. But it would be hard to sell the idea to a dog or cat-lover.

life had remained virtually unchanged for centuries. Now Sister Eleanor is the epitome of the contemporary nun, her red hair in a "Mia Farrow cut," wearing lay clothing, and traveling throughout the country to make her fun-raising speeches. She also edits the *Orphan's Messenger and Advocate of the Blind*, the principal support of 200 elderly residents of St. Joseph's Home for the Blind and of St. Joseph's School for the Blind, where 50 sisters and lay experts care for and teach more than 200 disturbed blind children. Both institutions are in New Jersey.

Last on the Menu (Prentice Hall, \$4.95) refers to the place most of her talks occupy on the program. This effervescent autobiography is an accurate picture of convent life then and now. It also is funny and human all the way through.

Joyous is the word for Sister Eleanor's attitude toward her vocation. The question she is most frequently asked is, "Sister, why did you become a nun?" To this she says:

"Maybe I was in the wrong business. Perhaps I hadn't met the right man. I'll never know. I don't daydream about what might have been, and I have no regrets. The convent began as a rational choice and became the right one. I consider myself to be a lucky and happy woman."

William L. Shirer has not written another *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* in *The Collapse of the Third*

Republic (Simon and Schuster, \$12.50), and this is a pity because the contrast makes this current book seem more disappointing than it should be.

Shirer's inquiry into why France, with what was thought to be one of the finest armies in the world, fell like a ripe plum into Hitler's hands is packed with a formidable array of facts and still is more readable than most such detailed histories. Its major flaw is that everything blurs together. There is no strong central theme to mark a path through the maze.

Dean Acheson, secretary of State during the Truman years, estimates that consultation with the President and Congress took about a third of his working time. "If one adds the time spent away from Washington on conferences and speeches, these three activities would consume half the secretary's time," he writes in **Present at the Creation** (Norton, \$15.)

This memoir of his service with the U.S. State Department, beginning in 1941 when he became assistant secretary of State for economic affairs and ending in 1953 when he left the office of secretary at the end of the Truman administration, covers the years in which the postwar world was created for good or bad.

Acheson feels that the balance sheet of our relations with the rest of the world was well in the black. In eight years the economic life of Western Europe had recovered its prewar vigor and was moving on to new heights. The failure of Asia, other than Japan, to do the same thing was because both leaders and popular will were lacking, Acheson says.

Finally, he says: ". . . these eight years engraved on my mind a conviction which I have often heard Winston Churchill express, that the hope of the world lies in the strength and will of the United States. He would not object to my adding—and in its good judgment as well."

Acheson was a strong public leader, and he is a strong thinker and a strong writer. **Present at the Creation** deserves a place among the best of the autobiographies written by men in public life.

Most of the chapters in **Mystery and Manners** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95) are a kind of shoptalk about the nature and aims of fiction. But it is the late Flannery O'Connor talking, and Flannery O'Connor's fiction added a new dimension to American writing. So these chapters

are interesting to perceptive readers as well as to writers and literary critics. One chapter is a treasure for everybody. This is an essay on the habits and foibles of peacocks Miss O'Connor raised on the family farm in Milledgeville, Ga.

Her close friends Sally and Robert Fitzgerald selected and edited this collection of essays and lectures.

Love and grief are the theme of Alan Paton's letters to his dead wife in **For You Departed** (Scribner's, \$5.95), and finally in this moving memoir love overcomes grief, as it always should.

It is a very personal account of the marriage of two strong-minded people, and it also is Paton's first time to write about himself as writer, South African liberal leader, and pioneer in prison reform. Above all it is a statement of faith.

Theologian Georgia Harkness proves to be a prolific poet in **Grace Abounding** (Abingdon, \$3.75). This devotional autobiography is woven around 50 original poems, many never published before.

Actually, this little book is a rarity because it is nostalgia braced by sound theology and illuminated by a serene appreciation of God's encompassing grace.

Alan Walker, superintendent of Sydney, Australia's, Central Methodist Mission, is particularly equipped to understand the spirit of helplessness and despair abroad in the modern world. He is the founder of a Life Line telephone ministry, in operation

24 hours a day, that deals with every form of human predicament. He also is president of an international organization of Life Line ministries that follow the Sydney pattern.

Dr. Walker is sure, however, that the creative power of God is breaking through the established world order. "History today," he says in **Breakthrough: Rediscovery of the Holy Spirit** (Abingdon, \$2.75), "heaves with promise, the promises and the power of God." Unabashedly evangelistic, this book on the rediscovery of the Holy Spirit is a strong statement of faith.

On reading **Black Manifesto** (Sheed & Ward, cloth, \$5; paper, \$2.45), *Together* associate editor Jim Campbell gave me this note:

"Based upon what it terms 'white America's vicious racial prejudice toward blacks,' the book deals with what it deems as the urgent necessity, fairness, and practicality of the **Black Manifesto**. It seeks to show how the church can and should obey the demands of the manifesto and is a convincing dialogue in support of the manifesto."

Edited by Robert S. Lecky and H. Elliot Wright, **Black Manifesto** is the work of seven contributors. Among them are James Forman, Harvey Cox, Dick Gregory, and James Lawson.

United Methodist response to the manifesto has been slow. The largest reported amount of money given to sponsors of the manifesto by a Methodist congregation was \$15,000 from a church in New York City. Several churches have given smaller amounts. However, the National Division of the

I once wanted to be a writer.

*I would be a writer who
would cry for the world.*

*I would write tears of joy
for each moment of freshness
and innocence.*

*I would write lamentations for
each careless crushing of hope
and dream.*

*I would write hysterical wailing
at every oppressive tyranny and
apathy.*

*Now I am feeling presumptuous for having written
that I once wanted to be a writer.*

But I do think I could cry.

—Daniel D. Motto

United Methodist Board of Missions did appropriate \$300,000 to the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization, original sponsors of the group from which the Black Manifesto came.

Some books, like college courses, start from a level that presupposes previous knowledge, and *His End Up* (Abingdon, \$3.95) is one of these. If you do not have some grounding in current theological thought, you probably will find it frustrating, and author Vernard Eller's somewhat facetious approach may turn you off.

For those with the prerequisite background this is a stimulating even important book. Dr. Eller, who is one of the most prolific writers in the Church of the Brethren, accepts the new theological emphasis on the freedom, responsibility, capability, and high calling of man, but he believes that man can find these things only in relationship to God.

During long 18th and 19th-century whaling voyages, some of the whalers would etch scenes of the hunt, the ships, or memories of home on ivory, bone, shell, or wood. This lost art, most commonly appearing on the teeth or jawbones of the sperm whale, is called scrimshaw.

One of the most ardent collectors of scrimshaw was President John F. Kennedy. Color pictures of the Kennedy collection by Alan Fontaine appear in *John F. Kennedy: Scrimshaw Collector* (Little, Brown, \$15) along with a sensitive appreciation of the collector and the art by Clare Barnes, Jr. This is an unusual book, and a beautiful one.

A reissue of *A Treasury of Birdlore* (Eriksson, \$7.95) is a reminder that bird-watching is one of our most popular spectator sports. And it is one that can be practiced from the warm side of the windows on chilly winter days.

This fat book edited by Joseph Wood Krutch and Paul S. Eriksson has something for every watcher.

World Theatre: An Illustrated History (Little, Brown, \$15) is a handsome volume with excellent text by the English playwright and drama critic Bamber Gascoigne. But I had more enjoyment from Phyllis Hartnoll's paperback, *The Concise His-*

"be specific!"

is not always good advice

Today it's wiser to be general.

When the world spun more slowly, and political change was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, those who purchased annuities for lifetime income could safely elect specific mission projects to benefit after their deaths. One could designate \$2,000 to build a clinic in Borneo or \$5,000 for a church in Rhodesia, and rejoice that after

death his Christian stewardship would be perpetuated just as he had planned.

Today, the upheavals of independence and national self-determination frequently make it impossible for such specific projects to be carried out. The wise annuitant selects a **field of service**, and leaves the specifics in the hands of the astute administrators of the World Division.



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The Deadline Is February 1!

ONLY a few days are left for you color photographers to submit transparencies in TOGETHER's 14th Annual Photo Invitational.

This year's theme, of course, is the superb nature hymn *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee* by Henry van Dyke. In his fine work you should find an abundance of inspiration for imaginative picture taking, particularly in those passages that depict the grandeur and beauty of earth and sky.

Again this year we will pay \$35 for each slide used. Remember, though, it will be too late after February 1.

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain what portion of the hymn inspired it, where it was taken, and by whom.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps on anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1970.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. TOGETHER will use care in handling transparencies, but cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

Send entries to:

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tory of Theatre (Abrams, \$3.95). Drama buffs will want both, of course.

"We interrupt this broadcast . . ."

If an emergency announcement were to tell of an explosion at a nuclear power plant within 100 miles of your home, it could mean terrible consequences for you and your family, say Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan in *Perils of the Peaceful Atom* (Doubleday, \$5.95). They charge that no community, no state, not even the federal government, is prepared to deal with such a disaster.

But don't bother moving. By the 1970s thousands of tons of nuclear fuel will be traveling by train, truck, ship, and plane to stoke reactor furnaces around the globe; naval and commercial ships will be propelled by nuclear power; and millions of gallons of radioactive poison will be sent through or near towns and cities on the way to underground storage.

Richard Curtis is a reporter, Elizabeth Hogan a member of the Committee for Environmental Information. They have written a sensational book in the belief that when this country allowed the nuclear power industry to expand to its present size, it made a mistake that may surpass any other in our history. In view of the damage that could accompany a nuclear accident, perhaps sensationalism is justified.

One August afternoon in 1968 six men took off from Bovingdon Air Force Base, England, in two small, 20-year-old, war-surplus airplanes. They planned to fly across France and Spain, then down around the hump of West Africa to the island of Fernando Po. From Fernando Po, which lies below Nigeria, they would airlift food to besieged Biafra.

Only four men and one plane actually reached Biafra, and the story of these four is a modern saga of courage and ingenuity. Bruce Hilton tells it in *Highly Irregular* (Macmillan, cloth, \$5.95; paper \$1.95). For suspense and action it outdoes many a whodunit.

The ancients regarded falling meteorites as signs of the gods. As human thought became more Christian oriented, a meteor was interpreted as a sign of God's wrath.

Now we know there is a significant number of small bodies in our solar system, ranging from subatomic particles to asteroids 480 miles in diameter. Some come from comets, which fall apart constantly, others come in from outer space in the form

of neutrons, protons, and electrons. They are the subject of *Cosmic Debris* (Little, Brown, \$1.95). This interesting paperback written by meteoriticist Carleton B. Moore is one of a series of 21st Century Monographs aimed at presenting high-quality fact, information, interpretation, opinion, and commentary on new ideas in research and discovery.

A German legend tells of three kings who set out on a journey to a town called Bethlehem. It was a long road that led from early winter through spring thaw, summer heat, and fall frost. And the names of the places where the kings stopped were the months of the year.

Elisabeth Borchers has told their story in poetry, and this has been sensitively translated by Babette Deutsch for *There Comes a Time* (Doubleday, \$4.95). Vivid, lively, infinitely appealing illustrations by Dietland Blech combine to make this a book for all seasons, and for children of all ages.

Tots who want a bedtime story before they go to sleep will treasure *The Dutch Tiles* (Warne, \$2.50). Pamela Stapleton tells about the adventures of a little sailboat that found its way from a lake to the sea as a mother might relate the story to her little boy whose bedroom has a fireplace with Dutch tiles around it.

Story-telling parents will like the sleep-inducing rhythm and lack of frightening incidents. It is a happy story throughout.

Right now small fry may be too preoccupied with sleds and snowmen to start thinking about spring, but I am not. Neither, obviously, are Jacqueline Jackson and Barbara Morrow, who have created a beautiful children's book around a song Mrs. Jackson's mother used to sing to her children.

For *Spring Song* (Kent State University Press, \$3.75), Mrs. Jackson has written additional verses to supplement the three verses her mother sang, and Mrs. Morrow has made lively woodcuts that reflect the rediscovery of life that humans and animals share alike every time the earth turns green again.

—Helen Johnson

Fiction



THE THING that most impressed me about the first moon landing was a picture of the earth which the Apollo astronauts took from the moon. It looked like a moon itself, and I remembered G. K. Chesterton's remark that of all the things man has forgotten, the most serious is that he lives on a star. The scientist puts it differently by saying the earth is a rather luxurious space ship.

The picture made me realize that ours is a very small planet lost in the vastness of immeasurable space. It came to me that our jealousies, rivalries, and wars are ridiculous. We ought to be one family, helping each other, instead of warring tribes threatening others in the name of nationalistic goals or racial pride, with the power to eliminate all life on earth. For when the killing is over and the hatreds subside, we find a common humanity asserting itself. If it does not lead to brotherhood, it certainly makes us understand that we have a common heritage and one destiny.

These thoughts came to mind when I read *LAST STOP CAMP 7* by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Coward-McCann, \$5.95). This story written by a German is about an international camp for former Nazis. Twenty years ago it would have been unthinkable reading material for Americans. After the experiences of World War II, we were sure that never again could we have any dealings with the enemy, let alone read his books. If only that picture of the earth taken from the moon could become a part of our inner vision. We are, my friends, fellow passengers on a space ship. It is the final madness to be engaged in plots to even contemplate atomic warfare and the death of all.

Kirst has written a number of books about German affairs. This one deals with a camp set up especially for accused war criminals and Nazis. The German prisoners are a mixed bag, but there is no open attempt to make every one of them a stereotyped rascal. Some are trying to get special considerations from the Americans in charge of the camp. Others, obviously guilty, are trying to cover up their guilt. There are a few prisoners with dignity and character to whom one's sympathy goes out in spite of their former membership in the Nazi Party.

The American characters are a mixed bag also. Captain Keller, an American of German descent, is anxious for as many prisoners as possible to appear before the Allied tribunal sitting in judgment over war criminals. He is not above a love affair with the wife of a German prisoner and, to have his way, is willing to help her get a valuable piece of property while she betrays her husband. The main character, however, is Lieutenant Ted Harte, a German-Jewish immigrant who suffered the horrors of a concentration camp. He is really a fine man

and wants justice for everyone, regardless of his personal feelings. So, upset over what Keller is doing, he becomes the captain's constant opponent and finally foils his plot to have the German prisoner's wife while still sending her husband to the Allied tribunal. This is an exciting episode and brings the book to a kind of climax.

But this is a story of character in which the Germans come out no better and no worse than the Americans. Kirst writes with a smooth style, and the book moves with dispatch. I think it would be of particular interest to those who lived through the Second World War, especially to former members of the military. It will bring no comfort to those who insisted during the war that Germans were something essentially different from Americans and less human.

I turn next to *THE MOONSHINE WAR* by Elmore Leonard (*Doubleday*, \$4.95). Since the title aptly describes the whole story, I probably should be ashamed to review the book for *TOGETHER*. My only excuse is that it is well written, tightly constructed, and I enjoyed reading it. Maybe some of you will, too.

In Broke-Leg County, Kentucky, it was generally accepted that corn was never much good until it had been distilled. The 18th Amendment did not change this fundamental point of view. Son Martin made the best whiskey in those parts, and if you were seeking this stuff, Martin was the fellow to see. It was also believed his father had cached 150 barrels of eight-year-old whiskey which, if a fellow could get his hands on it, would be worth a fortune. Son Martin never talked about it, nor did he deny its existence. So while many attempts had been made to find it, no one had discovered it.

One day a man came to town, an old Army buddy of Son's who remembered the hidden whiskey. He is a prohibition agent, or pretends to be. He brings into the picture some Louisville gangsters and some local moonshiners. They try in every possible way to get the secret from Son Martin and promise him all kinds of things which do not impress him. Finally, they want to move in and take over. The presence of these thugs splits up the community, and in a little while every man finds himself on one side or the other. There is a terrific climax to the whole affair which I will not relate as it would spoil the story for you.

This book is written in the style of an expanded movie scenario. Indeed, MGM is making it into a movie. The story will not inspire you to be a better Christian, but it will give you an interesting hour or two if your tastes in relaxation literature are the same as mine. I cannot promise you more.

I mention briefly *FLASHMAN* by George MacDonald Fraser (*World*, \$5.95). Harry Flashman was the drunken bully expelled from Rugby in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The claim is made that he reminds us of Tom Jones, but I do not agree with this at all. *Flashman* has no character, and it is hardly worth the time or bother.

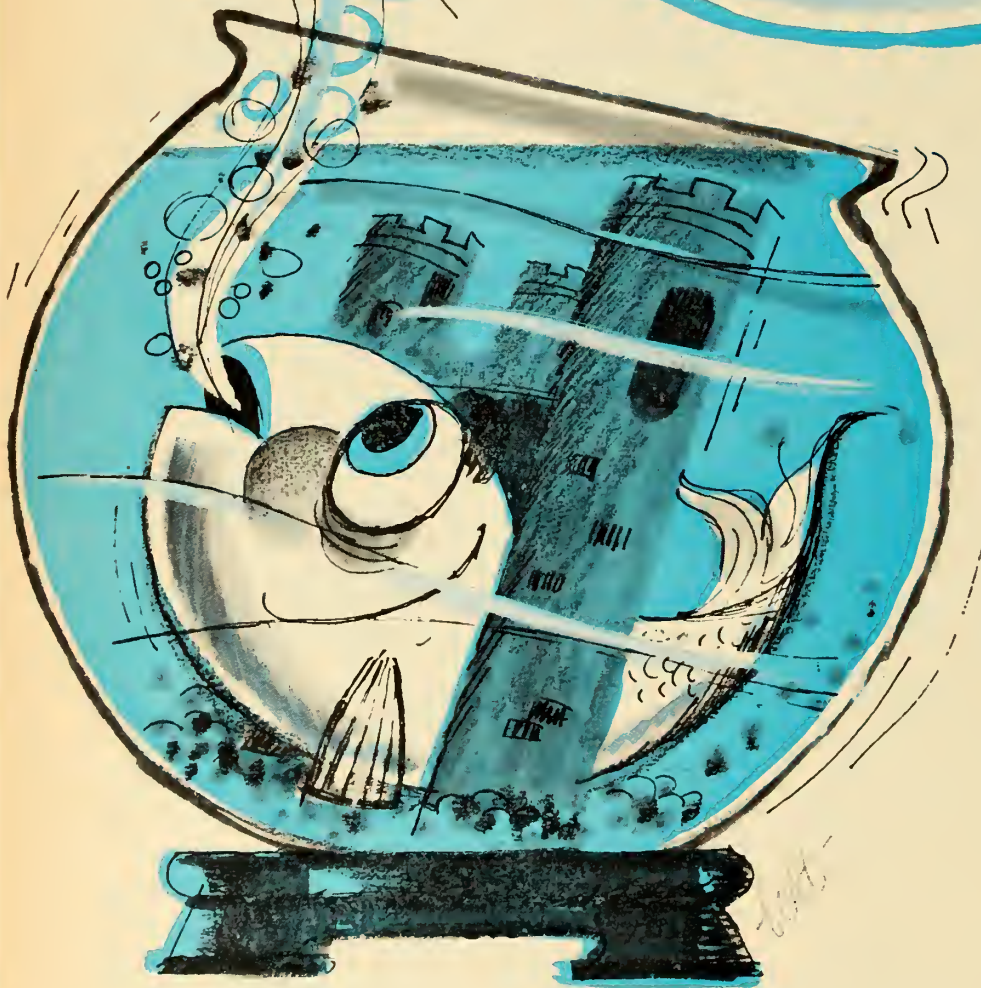
My contributions this month are not very inspiring but I will try to do better next time. In the meantime, remember that none of these is for the church-school library.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

GROUP

BY PERRY W. JOHNSON



EVERY morning George Adrian yawned his way out of bed, stumbled to the kitchen, and blindly plugged in the coffeepot. The little goldfish swimming in the chipped mixing bowl would exhale a small bubble of air and happily goup, "Hello." Soon George Adrian nick-

named the little fish Goup, and Goup he remained.

Now, George was a man—an old man, if you choose—set in his ways, not inclined to become sentimental over a goldfish in a pink and white bowl; but he did.

After a while, before starting his

coffee, George would pause and goup back a greeting to the fish. Granted, he felt silly—a grown man saluting a fish, but it became part of George's morning ritual.

Goup lived happily in his bowl for months and months. His only notable experience occurred one Saturday noon. His water had been changed that morning, and in sheer joyfulness over all the new oxygen, he flipped all over. Then suddenly he flipped so hard he flew through the air, out of his bowl, and landed on the drain-board. He slapped his tail once or twice experimentally, then in growing terror he flipped harder. His gills expanded as he gasped for oxygen, and his wiggles grew feebler as his scales dried.

Luckily, George walked in at that moment. He scooped the little fish up, and placed him back in the bowl. "You almost did yourself in, Goup," said George.

Still recovering, Goup only wiggled a fin in reply, but soon he flipped his tail and then chased it around in a circle.

Mrs. Adrian, George's wife, also liked Goup. But Carol Adrian was a neat and orderly person who liked her house neat and orderly. After months of staring at the ugly bowl in her kitchen, she made a decision.

"Goup," she told the little fish, "today's the day. You're going to get a new home."

Carol went shopping and bought a nice, new fishbowl with a white

castle to put inside. She bought chemicals to keep the water clean, gravel for the bottom, and a special diet food.

As she opened each package at home, she showed it to Goup. "See the nice bowl, and the castle and gravel? I'll fill the new bowl with fresh water for you."

Soon she plopped Goup into his new home. He stared out. Why, he could see right through the glass. There was a whole, great world out there! It was kind of scary. He hid behind the castle.

His waving tail stirred the bottom of the bowl. What were those white, round objects down there? he wondered. They looked almost like food. Come to think of it, he was hungry.

He mouthed one of the pebbles. Not much taste and kind of scratchy to swallow, but food's food, he thought. He ate another and another.

Late that night George and Carol stopped by the fishbowl. Carol frowned as she remarked, "I don't like the way Goup looks. He doesn't seem to have any energy."

She stirred the water with her forefinger. Goup, lying on the bottom, stuffed solid, waved his tail feebly.

"Maybe it's just the newness of everything. Maybe he's just frightened," she said.

"Let's go to bed," said George.

Goup spent the night at the bottom of the bowl. Oh, what a stomachache he had.

Early next morning George shuffled

into the kitchen. He turned on the light and stopped before the shiny, glass bowl. "Good morning, Goup," he said.

Making a supreme effort, Goup struggled to the surface to utter his customary greeting. But this morning it came out differently. Along with a small bubble of air, which rose to the surface, a dozen tiny pebbles spewed out of his open mouth as well.

"So that was what was wrong with you!" said George "Bet you feel better now, don't you, old fellow. You've got to remember, all that glitters isn't food!"

Goup, his normal slim self again, swished his tail and both side fins in reply. □



Hiccups

I sometimes have hiccups.
They give me no rest.
They quiver and shiver
Inside of my chest.

They shake up my insides
And push on my chin.
They come to surprise me
And knock from within.

I don't know what brings them.
They soon go away,
But while they are with me
I can't eat or play.

I'm always embarrassed
If someone's around.
It makes people notice
And smile at the sound.

—Sarah S. Katzman

Jottings

From time to time we have mentioned the lag that may ensue between acceptance and publication of manuscripts submitted by our readers. These are the "good anytime" articles that, like money in the bank, can be held in reserve until needed.

We are pleased, therefore, to tell **John W. Ames** of West Kennebunk, Maine, that the time has come to use his very good little feature *His Incredible Alibi* [page 54] which we have had in hand since 1962. (This little story, by the way, would still be usable in the year 2000).

Back in January, 1968, Mr. Ames wrote: "I had hoped to see my story in print within five years of its acceptance. But after reading in *Jottings* that it took 11 years for one item to reach the printed page, I decided that if my piece ever does get published, it may very well be posthumously."

We do hope that Mr. Ames now has a copy of this issue in hand, and is pleased to reread the article he submitted so long ago. We hope, also, that he realizes he has not been alone in the waiting line. One of our editors has yet to see an article he did for *TOGETHER* about 13 years ago.

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Now, as the saying goes, let us see what else is in the mailbag this morning. Here's something sent in by Mrs. **Martha W. Hickman**, author of *Worship Comes Out of the Woodwork* [page 25] and wife of the Rev. Hoyt L. Hickman, pastor of Cascade United Methodist Church, Erie, Pa.

Being a minister's wife, like being a P.K. (preacher's kid), is sometimes demanding, but Mrs. Hickman declares: "I am determined, I hope nondefensively, to 'be myself.' I have a stereotype-shattering chicken act which I perform on appropriate occasions. I have participated in political activity. I have even gone to painting class on prayer-meeting night. I have a terrible time adjusting to moving, and I always end up loving 'the new place' at least as much as the old."

One of the newest members of our staff is the Rev. **James Campbell**, a news associate on the staff of this magazine and its sister pub-



lication for ministers, *Christian Advocate*. His article, *Black Community Developer* [page 3], is the first major feature he has undertaken for *TOGETHER*, and it pretty well speaks for itself.

Jim Campbell is a graduate of Shaw University, Raleigh, N.C., and Gammon Seminary, Atlanta, Ga. When we met him in the hall the other day, we asked him to sum up his impressions after visiting Waterloo, Iowa, on assignment for the article in this issue. Here's what he said:

"I was impressed with . . . Jimmie Porter. An extrovert . . . active . . . unequalled energy . . . a good strategist.

"Shocked at the kind of discrimination that exists there . . . The city is quite racially divided.

"Impressed with Waterloo's quietness, cleanliness, and carefreeness. Might even retire there."

Concise? In a nutshell? Indeed. But as for retirement, well, Jim Campbell must wait a while. At this writing he's only 34!

Also in this issue are a couple of contributors from other countries: Mrs. **Charlie Ann Mendez** of Durango, Mexico, and the Rev.

Peter W. Trembath of Worcester-shire, England.

Mr. Trembath, who takes this month's *Open Pulpit* [page 47] with *A Community of Unconcern*, tells about the time he spoke to a women's group on one of England's typically dark, overcast afternoons.

"Just as I announced the opening hymn, *Sometimes a Light Surprises the Christian While He Sings*, one of the ladies got up, went to the door, and switched on the light—much to everyone's amusement."

Mrs. Mendez [*Should A Christian Be Afraid to Die*, page 23] tells us about observing her first wedding anniversary on a motorcycle with her husband, Salvador, during a hurricane.

"The rain caught us just outside San Juan—and a September rain, backed up by a hurricane, at an altitude of 6,500 feet, is no joke!" Especially, she adds, if you are subjected to four hours of this while astride a motorcycle.

"I guess that doesn't sound like a very successful anniversary. But if everything had gone off as planned, what would we have had to talk about afterwards?"

Former EUB readers of *Church and Home* will recognize the work of **Paul R. Behrens** whose cartoons appeared regularly in their family magazine. The first in a new series of *The Inner Man* cartoons for *TOGETHER* appears on page 52. As the title indicates, Mr. Behrens explains, the series will "deal not with any slapstick situations or comic character, but rather with the funny / serious struggle that goes on within a person trying to be a Christian amid temptation and human frailty."

—Your Editors

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The Bells of Lübeck



great bells at St. Marienkirche (St. Mary's Church) in Lübeck, Germany, lie in silent silence at the base of the tower from which they crashed during the blitz of 1942. Their ruins are a reminder of man's stupidity, their awesome presence a silent prayer for peace.

THE FACT that the horrors of war are now coming home to us with such force will no doubt, if we survive, provide us with the necessary basis for making it possible to reconstruct the life of the nations, both spiritually and materially, on Christian principles. So we must try to keep these experiences in our minds, use them in our work, make them bear fruit, and not just shake them off. Never have we been so plainly conscious of the wrath of God, and that is the sign of his grace: "O that today you would hearken to his voice! Harden not your hearts" (Ps. 95.7f.) The tasks that confront us are immense, but we must prepare ourselves for them now and be ready when they come.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Letters and Papers From Prison*.
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